

THE



WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

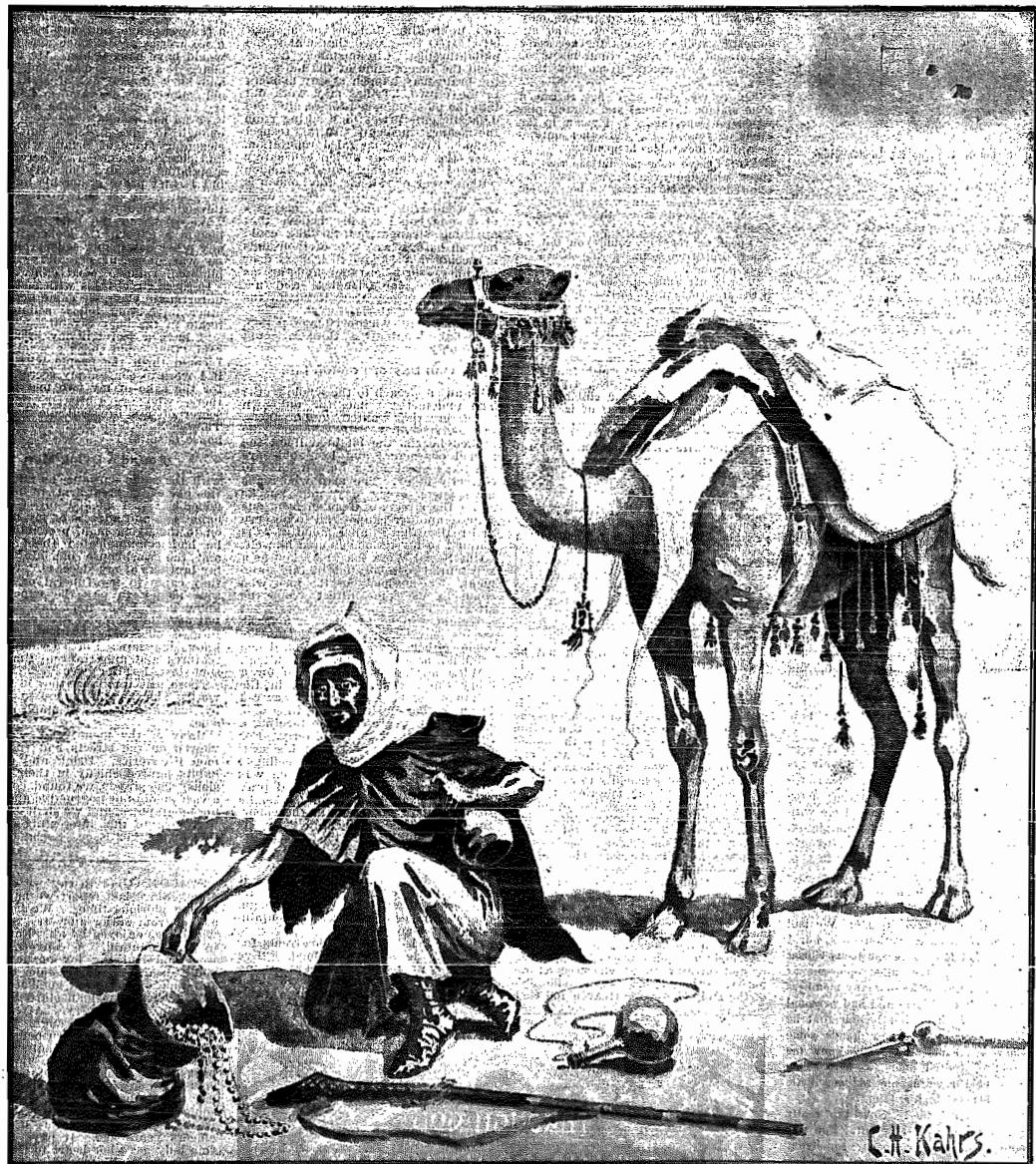
15th Year. No. 36

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO JUNE 3, 1899.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



"ONLY PEARLS."

(See article on page 1.)

MY VIEW ABOUT GIVING.

An Interview with "Salvation Smith."

(Readers of the reports of the Field Commissioner's trip to England and her meetings there will remember the mention of "Salvation Smith," who is a member of the London Stock Exchange, and a Salvationist withal.—ED.)



F. C. Smith, Esq., of the London Stock Exchange.

"On what principles do you regulate your giving, Mr. Smith?" we queried. He had only five minutes to spare, so directness on both sides was indispensable. We might not catch him again!

"Three. I consider it—

1. My duty to give;
2. To give all I can;
3. Give as God directs."

is the comprehensive reply.

"I see. But how does this work out? Does it not impoverish you? The claims must be so much more than your resources?"

"No; it is just like this: I give when and what God instructs. He is therefore responsible for the deposit account; to see that it is not overdrawn. As a matter of fact, however, the recompenations are regular and reliable."

"In what direction?"

"This way. When I first started, I surrendered ten per cent.—the old Jewish tithe—and kept a debit and credit. Later, however, I joined the Lord's Corner, and found that the more I gave the more I received. This happened so invariably as to make it almost a science. So I abolished the percentage and regulated my donation according to the Spirit's leading applied to each specific occasion."

"The recompenations, Mr. Smith: how did they travel?"

"I found that when I visited a corps and disbursed my ex's, which I always paid myself, plus collections, etc., business usually followed, directly or indirectly which amply recompensed me with a varying but considerable margin on the right side. The other day, to give you a case in point, I was billeted to special. A general in Her Majesty's army sent me an invitation to the barracks to dine with him. I went. He was a perfect stranger to me. We had a conversation on Salvation lines, but I could not get him to accept Jesus Christ as his Saviour. He called upon me at my office, saying he knew many members of the Stock Exchange and had personal dealings with them, but he felt that he would rather place in my hands some business a friend of his, who knew me by repute, desired done for her. This is how God rewards me for any little service I do for Him."

"Very remarkable! Now the really crucial questions must be put. You will excuse them if they appear somewhat personal, and maybe ignorantly framed. May I ask if your personal expenditures are extravagant, or substantially in-

creased? You see, Mr. Smith, some people who live well and comfortably at the start, expand as they increase in wealth. One servant becomes two, then three, and so on. The town house is exchanged for a country villa, then a residence, and finally an estate. The walk is given up, then comes the gig, then the carriage, coach-house, coachman and the rest. And if you ask him to give you his percentage of philanthropy, what might have been—perhaps ten per cent. of say £200 a year, or £20, disappears. He finds £20 is still all he care to give when his income may have increased £200. That is to say, the figure is not now

£20 to £200,
but £20 to £2,000.

a drop from ten to one per cent. Such a figure—i.e., one per cent.—appears to me to be abominable. It is a libel on love to call it philanthropy."

"Quite so! I heartily concur. I will answer your personal questions readily and frankly. My debts are not more now than when I could afford to give only ten per cent. of my income. And my domestic expense—except the necessary educational and other requirements of my family—are practically no more than they were."

"Of course, you have not refrained from making the usual and suitable provision for your family? I mean, in the event of your death, and other unforeseen but inevitable happenings?"

"No; I have done my duty in that respect, although even there I have not allowed my 'trust in God' to be shaken, or my systematic faith in His providence to be excluded from these arrangements."

"Speaking roughly could you tell me what proportion your giving bears to your income?"

"It is quite impossible to say, because both are constantly increasing. You must say, however, that the present amount is considerably more than one per cent."

"Thank you; that will be precise enough. Then the position is this: Your income is divided into three parts. I infinitely stand your (a) expenses for living, which includes home, food, travelling, raiment, school for your children, and all the necessary expenses of body and mind. At the other end of the line are your (b) items for death incidence, provision for wife and family, and careful arrangements for all the unexpected contingencies of the future of yourself and yours. ALL the medium you consider (c) is capital?"

"That is just it! When I first became a Salvationist, I was rather exercised as to entering the work; but, finally, God revealed to me that He could use me through my business, so I forthwith committed myself to IT for the war and IT to God for His use entirely. I have been in business for Him ever since, with the results aforesaid."

A hand-shake, and the Salvation Smith was gone.

Is he wrong? No! Will it not be conceded that his method of giving is in the highest degree a religion? We think so.

What is the logic of it all? Well, if you can't put yourself out to the supreme duty of living for the salvation of the world and the reclamation of the untold millions of the despairing of this and other lands; if you are a human being with any sort of sensibility to the claims of other's wants and miseries—it is as much your duty to serve as any other. If personal service, through family impossibilities lack of the needful ability, or any other impediment, then service by proxy is an irrevocable obligation.

If wealth is yours, or only a competency, this purchase is a superlative responsibility. The world is God's, and the world is possible, and cannot be shirked without irreparable loss, for money means—what? Shelter provided, bridging of hope to the hopeless, food for starving children, an open door of escape, mercy and salvation to all who need it; for purity, for holy living, for the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, for Heaven and God.

LONDON STREETS.

Their Secret Sorrows.

London has gained for itself a notorious character for human tragedy and mystery. No other city in the world contains so much wealth and poverty, tragedy and romance. Its population of six million continually jostling up against one another in the struggle for existence, create a never-ending panorama of elements and circumstances, containing lessons and sermons more profound than any delivered from platform or pulpit. The Bible is written over and over again in London every day, for the two great and only laws of good and evil are perhaps more plainly seen now than they ever were before.

Human associations are, after all, the

Most Fascinating

and interesting features of a great city. It is the crowd that makes the philanthropist. Circumstances far beyond the imagination of the most fertile brain may happen at any moment in the crowd. Trifles may work out into the most unexpected for results, and domestic enterprises may spring from the meanest incidents. In this respect London lives on no false reputation. True, the written fiction can hardly lay any claim to plausibility. London, without fear of ridicule, is vast, so beautiful, so ugly, so wonderful, that the majority of people could readily believe that anything strange and thrilling could happen here, where tens of thousands of people don't know their next door neighbor, and where thousands are as much alone, as friendless and unknown, as if they were living in the heart of an equatorial forest.

But after all, what writer of fiction, or what imaginative thinker, could write only

One Day of London Life

with any approach to the whole truth? The undetected crime, the unknown murderers, the "wanted" law-breakers, the intrigues of wealthy schemers, the broken hearts, the blighted lives, the secret deaths, and other weird events too great for a human mind to correctly index. The man who reads newspapers every day and knocks about the streets of London from one year to another cannot fail to observe and realize that in all London there is nothing so mysterious as man himself.

Our Social Work may be taken as a substantial corroborator of this statement. The majority of the men who come to us come direct from the streets. Their experience shows what a training-ground for good or evil the street may be. The contrast may be even starker, a disreputable hardened criminal, or a broken-hearted penniless.

What an interesting sketchlet for a story the novelist could find in the following experience, which occurred in one of our Shelters some time ago. During the progress of the meeting a man was noticed crying bitterly. For an hour or more he sat in his seat, giving vent to his pent-up feelings; and at last, when the invitation was given to come to the front and pray for God's mercy and forgiveness, he rose and took advantage of the opportunity. As the officer knelt by his side, the sobbing man took a loaded

Six-Chambered Revolver

from his breast-pocket and handed it to the Captain, writhing with the pains of his dangerous ulcerometer. Sure enough, every chamber of the weapon contained a cartridge.

"I've carried it about the streets for months," the man explained. "I've been a law-breaker for years, caring nothing for God, man, or devil, and I was decided on blowing my brains

out rather than be taken again and sent back to penal servitude."

That man had walked about the streets for a long period, rubbing shoulders with the best and the worst, with the means of instant death at his finger ends. We are happy to say he was never asked for his revolver again, after deciding to live a changed life, he was helped by our Social Work into a happy and useful future. The incidents, the circumstances, the temptations yielded to, and the whole network of events that lead up to such a drastic ending of a career of crime cannot be gone into here, interesting though they are.

On the streets of London to-day are hundreds of men with startling life-histories. Such an one was pointed out to the writer by a policeman last week.

"Do you man standing in the gutter selling newspapers?" he asked. "It's a marvel he's there at all! I'm a native of the same provincial town, and I know the poor, ruined beggar he was.

Blamed for Murder

A few years ago, and only half-a-dozen more words of evidence against him would have hanged him. He was discharged—a ruined man, and, to try and bury himself out of sight of his old connections, he came to London to try to rise again; but the only reference he has would, if he were foolish enough to give it, open out a long slobbering story of drink, wickedness and charge of murder. There he is a standing tragedy. There is sorry for him, but I don't know either his innocence or guilt. He is lost to this world through a doubt."

We spoke to the poor fellow and bought a paper. He looked just like any other newspaper seller; but there he was, innocent or guilty—a poor, blighted, ruined, squalid exile.

In these street-talks with men of the unfortunate class, we came across another interesting fellow selling wakelights in the busy Strand.

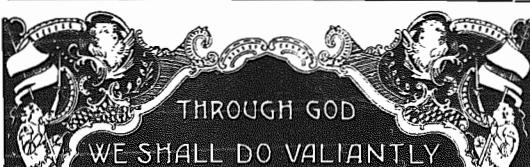
"I have a secret in my breast," he said, "that could shock a whole town. I could thrill the people with horror if I were to confess it sincerely. But, for the sake of my two married brothers, who are Christian men, the secret of my life will die with me. They believe I'm dead. In a workhouse hospital I

Found a Dying Man

with the same surname as mine. He was one of the great army of unknown nobodies, so I tucked my Christian name, age and address of my brothers on to the dying man, pretending that he had communicated them to me, and the workhouse officials notified my brothers of my 'decease.' Whether they came to my funeral or not, or sent money to pay the expenses, I know not. I left next day, and I've felt dead in character ever since. God forgive me! My brothers wouldn't know me now. This man changed in feature and in appearance. I'm a lost soul, lost for ever!"

There was infinite pathos in his last words. The thoughtless crowds rustled by, ignorant of sin's triumph at their side.

Many of the men whom we interviewed on the streets had very common life-stories. Drink and careless habits figured chiefly in their confessions. The streets, we found, contained a vast amount of instructive and warning biographies, and we shall endeavor to return to this interesting exploration in another issue.—Social Gazette.



SIMCOE.—Glad to say we are still alive. Since last report we have been having glorious times. We have had a visit from Major and Mrs. Soumial, which was enjoyed by all. Four souls in the Fountain. A convert only a week ago had the joy of helping to point his father, a backslidden sister standing to Jesus. It got hot for the backsliders, many of whom started for his home in the country. After going some distance was brought back by the Spirit of God, and rushed right in from outdoors to the penitent form, and glad to get there. Two more backsliders came. Hallelujah! We ended Sunday dancing happy. Monday night's banquet a good time. 14 souls have been saved this last two weeks, some who ought to have been offscouring years ago. It pays to obey. One lady gave her heart to God when sick in bed. Watch us, for there is more to follow.—N. E. Green, Capt. for M. E. Green, Ensign.

"Only Pearls!"

(To our frontispiece.)

By BRIGADIER FRIEDRICH.

Our conception of wealth and poverty is very incorrect, I suppose, and differs with the individual. The millionaire is considered fabulously rich, while he thinks himself a pauper, and richly so. The millionaire who travels all over the world to consult the most famous doctors with regard to the disease that racks his body with pain, considers the healthy, hard-working farmer richer man, and envies him his robust appetite, which adds a far finer flavor and relish to his frugal table than the finest delicacies, that have cost small fortunes to procure, possess for the owner of millions.

Then the real value of the possession by which we judge wealth depends upon the opportunity to exchange the same to meet our needs; hence that which would rightly be called rich under certain conditions would be valueless under others.

An Arab who had joined a caravan that was travelling a part of the great desert, turned to him, had been separated from his rest in one of the disastrous and storms, and in the endeavour to find his companions he lost his way and had travelled two days without food; even the scanty supply of water so carefully preserved had given out. There was no shelter to be seen from the fierce rays of the sun, and reason struggled with madness, when the fainting man discovered not far from him, laying on the hot sand, a leather bag, such as is used in transporting dates and other fruit across the desert. The Arab, who had been caused to greater speed and gave vent to a cry of joy, which sounded like hark a soh on account of his dry swollen tongue, which already impeded articulation. Like a flash he alighted from his beast and grabbed the bag. With eager hands the bag was opened, when with hopeless despair he gasped, "Only pearls!" and sunk exhausted beside the treasures which represented tens of thousands of dollars.

Had the Arab been near a village, his find would have enabled him to buy not only food for the rest of his life, but also to bring him into the possession of a mandarin and servants, and every other so-called comforts of this life; but in the desert—starving and alone—the pearls had no value, he was as poor a man after he found them as he had been before. The jewels could not procure him a drop of water. They were only pearls!

Ever since I first read this story in my boyhood, its lesson has clung to me. For years at a time I had forgotten it, until something transpired which contained the same lesson, and instantly some voice within me would whisper, "Only pearls!"

When the faschinating reports of marvellous finds of the yellow metal excited the Klondike fever, a stampede of thousands upon thousands rushing to that Arctic region commenced, which has now gone into history. The immense rush, of course, included men who were insufficiently equipped, and the transportation facilities were allowing no means to supply the demands for food of the multitude, while the country practically provided no food of the vegetarian kind and little in the animal line, except some strategy. Heart-rending tales of privation were heard of every day.

They were Swedes by nationality, and they had invested their little savings in the purchase of miners' outfit and provisions. They were fortunate in the search and found a claim that yielded them over \$70,000 as the result of the first "dip."

Plans were made to return to the south, since provision had about given out. Then the elder of the brothers took sick. The other one tenderly nursed him, but inside of two weeks he died, in spite of all the loving attention given him.

The surviving brother packed his sleigh with the precious gold dust and went few provisions he had left, and started on his journey over the ice towards Skagway. He travelled hard by day and by night, and passed one or two other prospectors. He offered half his

wealth for some bacon and beans, but provisions being nearly exhausted with the long march, he was compelled to pass on.

Some weeks later a party of gold-seekers found the frozen corpse of the Swede laying beside the bags containing \$70,000 worth of gold dust, but not a morsel of food could be found with him. "Only pearls!" was the first thought that rushed to my mind.

He was a smart young man. His very appearance once betrayed his good breeding. He was an exceptionally clever musician; but he had left his native land in disgrace, and his musical talents had led him rather downward instead of lifting him nearer to the source of all music—heaven.

To cut a long story short, he got saved, became a soldier and a power for God in that corps. The officer, who saw at once the opportunity of turning all his abilities into the channel of usefulness for God, urged him to become an officer. He was a clever musician, an orator, but before he could talk well, he lived a sober and creditable life in the store, where a position had been found him after his conversion, and on the whole, there was an inclination on his part to throw his life in with the Salvation Army. Unfortunately, he hesitated, and the devil utilizing his indecision, brought across to him a young woman well received in that town, but not converted. She laughed him to scorn when he told her of his intention to apply for officership and told him she would want to see nothing more of him if he even continued to be a Salvationist.

soul. He died the natural death of spiritual starvation.

Yet we must not forget that pearls have their value. If we possess them let us use them to purchase with them such needs of ourselves and others as that we will not be sorry for.

Talents, whether they be music, or knowledge, or oratory, or business ability, or personal attraction, as well as personal influence, accomplishments, riches, etc., are all pearls that may be used for the lasting benefit of others in feeding their souls, but these things in themselves cannot feed an immortal spirit. Offer them only to a starving soul, and you would mock him like the pearls mocked the starving Aran. Then you will be starving yourself if you retain these talents and personal qualities as yours, and to yourself, just as the miser, who would not part with his money to buy bread, starved, because he could not nourish the body with metal, be it ever so precious.

Metals, like gold, silver, etc., are used in a chemical sense, elements, because they cannot be separated into other chemical bodies; they are primary substances with other elements that form all other bodies of a complicated nature. Now, the human body cannot live if its food would be composed of elementary bodies; the food for man must have first been composed by a lower form of life, that would have been the direct product of vegetation, or of vegetation again assimilated into the flesh of animals. Just so our talents and accomplishments are but elements that cannot

glad to think, as he expresses it, "that he helped to send that business to the devil."



BROTHER STEWART.

Having experienced quite a bit of actual service at the front, we asked him what are the serious reflections of a soldier as he stands face to face with death?

"Not worth reckoning upon," was the unhesitating reply. "He hasn't time to think while shot and shell rattle round him. On a battlefield he sees nothing even of a comrade's dying groan. 'Poor Jim.' I've heard men say, as one has fallen beside them, 'he's turned his toes up,' and they go on loading and firing as before. It isn't heartlessness, it's lack of time."

Stewart fought as a cavalry soldier of the Blues until the end of the war, when, having served his time, and eight days before it ended having received his first wound, he said farewell to military life and entered upon God-forgetting and more or less carelessness.

I was not until nearly thirty years later when Wilson Stewart enlisted in another regiment. He was a backslider of close on twenty years' standing when he met the Salvation Army, had lived, with the exception of a few months, when he "kept straight," a roving, reckless life, and it was a broken-down, prematurely aged man who wandered into the barracks one day. He threw off his gruff, unfeeling attitude when first faced by the formidable Halligan, gruff.

"There's an old story," says Stewart, "of a Colonel commanding a certain regiment who was more disreputable than daring. His men had got into close quarters with the foe, much to the former's disadvantage. The Colonel summoned his forces and thus addressed them, 'It's getting rather uncomfortable here, and if we lose much more health it won't be safe. If half our men go, mind you have my orders to take to your wives, and as I'm a little lame I'll go with you after the laugh produced by his story has subsided, 'that I was much braver than the old Colonel when first under the Army's fire. I felt like nothing else than running. I never shrank from a bayonet or a cannon, but to come to close quarters with these decided denouncers of all sin and proclaimers of its deliverance, I didn't care to. I should have quarreled with the man who called me a coward, but all the same I had plenty of the Irishman's cantion!'

But the Army has caught many an unwilling an unwilling fish, and Wilson Stewart was no exception. Under the thorough dealing of Adj'tl. Aikenhead, then stationed at Adj'tl. City, this well-nigh despairing sinner of the Western plains sought and found a conquering salvation. It took a few days before he felt the reality of the blessing given, for when a man has made such clean sweep of his sins as Stewart made of his tobacco and pipe, he cannot but be conscious of the rooting-up sensation. Nearly ten years have set their seal to the substantial worth of the deed then done.

Nature is but a name for an effect. Whose cause is God. —Cowper.

vvv

Oh, trifles not with life; 'tis but an hour, Redemt' his every moment, day by day, Press forward to the fruit; Live for the future life; watch and pray.

Remember, child of time, Then are immortal; blyng not heaven away. —II. Bonar.



Main Street, Dawson City.

Taken Good Friday, 1890.

All the buildings in this picture were destroyed in the disastrous fire of April 26th, 1890.

For some time he followed his better temperance and had already determined to obey the call of God at all cost, but as he held back from paying the full price, he weakened in his resolution. After some months he finally decided to remarry a soldier only, and the young woman of his choice consented to marry him, with her becoming a Salvationist herself. His career, however, tended to be continually to attend meetings, but soon slackened even in that, and the first chance he had, at a time when there was a little hardship to face in the corps, he withdrew altogether from the S. A.

A year after that they brought him home on a shifter. An explosion, while blasting rocks to build a railroad, had been timed wrongly, and went off before he had gained a safe distance. A heavy piece of rock had broken his back, and he had to wait another hour. His last words into his wife's ear, in broken accents, were to the effect that he now saw the great mistake of his life, and advised her to get saved.

"Only pearls," I thought when the story was told me. Yes, he had had the bread of life within his reach once, and the opportunity of dealing it out to other starving souls—but he had separated himself from it always in the desert, and found that the domestic happiness he had dreamed of was but a glittering trinket that had no power of sustenance in it for his immortal

feed the soul unless first quickened into action, and by Divine forces of love and sympathy transformed into actions of unselfish service to others.

Stewart's Salvation.

"My mother's name was Jane, and she feared the Lord," said Brother Stewart slowly and thoughtfully. "How much I owe to her influence, prayers and memory, eternally will reveal. My first impulse towards salvation date back to her godly life and training."

The elder Stewart was of a different temperament to his wife, and two closely counterbalanced in the disposition of his son for the two ever to get on well together. Their fiery tempers were like match and flint, and before long the frequent outbursts had made him determined to put the width of the border line between them. At nineteen Wilson Stewart ran away to the United States to fight the Confederates in the struggles against slavery.

Mrs. Stew's "Uncle Tom" was the book of the hour, the continent was ringing with the sentiments which it voiced, and its civilization, with the exception of the Southern States, was pledged to stamp out slavery. Out of a life which had, up to that time, at best been a reckless, roving existence, Stewart is

LIVING SHADOWS.

A Novel Meeting, and How it is Done.

Under the above title I have conducted, during the recent weeks, with the aid of a number of Headquarters officers, a novel demonstration which has been successful in every place where we produced it. Having received requests from different officers to give information as to the details of the meeting, I have thought it to be serving their interest best by publishing the manner of proceedings in the War Cry.

The advantage of "Living Shadows" is, that it can be arranged with little expense. The first requisite is a large white sheet, similar to the kind used for magic lantern services. This sheet should be put up at least ten feet from the back of the platform, or a greater distance where that is possible, and it should be high enough from the floor to allow those sitting farthest from the platform to see the lowest part of the sheet; this is important. Where the platform itself is too low, it should be raised to the height of at least three feet from the floor of the barracks, and extend across the full width of the sheet. What we call to wide some additional draping should be put up at each side of the sheet, so that the audience cannot see beyond the sheet. An ordinary bedsheet on each side will generally answer the purpose.

Secondly, you want a box, say fifteen inches square, or as near to that measure as possible; it is not at all necessary to be exactly that measurement. This box should have a sliding front, a hole in the centre of the top about two inches in diameter, and a few small holes in the back near the bottom, where they will let the last light. Into this box you set a low candle or lantern, and a Rochester round lantern is to be preferred—the flame should be exactly under the hole in the top. When using this lantern box, place it about three feet above the lowest part of the sheet (behind the sheet, not in front, as in case of a magic lantern) and as far from the sheet as you can. Remember the box must not be placed higher than mentioned if you want to get good results. The sliding front of course, contains the light, until the signal is given, when it is raised quickly, and remains there until each scene is over, when it is quickly dropped. Signals for raising and dropping the sliding door of the box should be given by a table bell which the speaker has on his little table.

The persons who represent the characters of the scenes must always keep as close to the sheet as possible, and should never be more than a foot from its surface. Also be very careful of the light thrown from the lantern box upon the sheet and square, and does not go beyond the sheet on either side or the top. This can easily be avoided by making the slide narrower if necessary and not drawing it out to the full extent. A little previous practice will suggest the best arrangements.

The idea of the meeting is, that the audience sees only the sheet and the shadows thrown upon it by the things and persons standing and moving close behind it, the light giving a sharp and clearly defined shadow, if the directions given are followed. If the objects which throw the shadows are kept too far from the sheet the shadow will be enlarged and become less distinct.

In one scene we speak of "a gentleman lighting a cigar"; this should not be a real cigar, of course, but a piece of paper rolled up to have the shape of a cigar will do. Remember that in all scenes it is only desirable that the shadow should resemble certain things which in reality may be quite inexpensive. For instance, in Scene III, of the 1st set, the safe which is shown out can be made of cardboard, etc.

After the usual preliminaries have been gone through, all lights are turned out and the speaker takes his stand in front and a little to one side of the sheet, so that his figure shall not intercept the view of any person in the audience. On a little table he will place this War Cry, or a written program and a little reading lantern (a bicycle lamp will do) to throw sufficient light upon the reading, but none into the room or the sheet.

It is impossible to give the detailed text for all the different scenes, the speaker should supply such by carefully following the scenes on the sheet. Ring the bell for the light to be shown, and again ring the bell for shutting off the scene.

I.—How Criminals are Made and Un-made.

Scene I.—The Boy Thief.

A gentleman comes up lighting a cigar, while doing so, a little boy comes up from behind and steals the gentleman's pocket-handkerchief.

Scene II.—Burglar.

The same boy, ten years later. Enters an office, drills a safe, inserts a fuse and blows out the door. Takes bags of money and leaves.

Scene III.—Highway Robber.

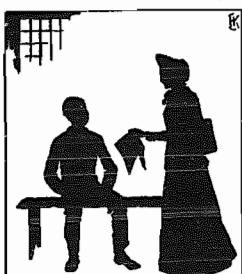
Later still. The boy has become more desperate. Meets gentleman at night and asks time of him. Gentleman looks at watch, which the other snatches from him. A third accomplice comes and holds revolver to his head while both are robbing the victim.

Scene IV.—The Arrest.



The criminal is at last stopped by the arm of the civil law. A policeman meets him on the street, and after passing him once, turns back and engages him in conversation, and convinced that he is spotted his man, he arrests him. The criminal resists, but after a violent struggle is finally overpowered and hand-cuffed.

Scene V.—Behind the Bars.



While in prison he finds time for reflection. His past life with its evil record stains him in the face. A member of the League of Mercy visits him and gives him a War Cry, also talks to him about his soul and God's mercy. She kneels in prayer with him before she leaves the prison.

Scene VI.—Discharged.

The time of discharge has arrived. The friendly guard shakes hands with him and gives him some good advice. His heart is heavy; not knowing where to go, he stands considering whether it is worth while to start a new life, as he had resolved in prison, or not. At that moment a Salvationist comes up, who has been informed by the

League of Mercy Sister of the date of his discharge, and invites him to come to the Prison-Gate Home, where a chance will be given him to commence life in a better way.



Solo: THE GENERAL'S DREAM.

We have a grand Salvation plau,
Of which I'm going to tell;
The grand old dream made by man
To make souls from hell,
Salvation—Human and Divine,
Of soul and body too;
We'll have eternity in time.
When the General's dream comes true.

Chorus.

Oh, the General's dream, that noble scheme,
Gives John Jones work to do;
He'll have a bed and be well fed,
When the General's dream comes true.

For the hungry, starving, homeless wrecks,
Abounding everywhere,
This scheme offers that every sex
Desires—self—horse fare.
The self—horse has his work you'll find,
With food and shelter too;
Man shall no longer be behind,
When the General's dream comes true.

In the grand old Book of books we read,
God made man from the ground;
In Eden's garden he did feed,
Where plenty did abound.
But now he's starving in the slums,
And can't get work to do;
To the garden back we'll bring the hungers,
When the General's dream comes true.

From the city colony to the farm,
Transplanted Jones will be,
And then with rural knowledge armed,
To the colony over sea.
Old things will pass away you'll see,
And everything come new;
You'll read his name, John Jones,
M.P.

When the General's dream comes true.

II.—The Tramp's Friend.

Scene I.—Forsaken.

The old tramp with the crooked hat, stubby beard and tattered garments appears on street. It is below zero. He rubs his hands and looks up and down; finally he spies a gentleman approaching, and asks him for alms. The man declines, but as the tramp with emphatic gestures continues to press his request, remembers that he has a book of coupons of the S. A. Shelter, and nips one up, which he gives to the tramp. Both walk off in different directions.



Scene II.—In the Shelter.

The tramp enters the Shelter and takes his seat at the table; the warden takes his coupon and brings him a bowl of soup, which is spooned up and at last devoured. A plate with food, slices of bread, and a mug of tea follows and is devoured speedily. The tramp gives every evidence of pleasure and finally the Captain takes him to the dormitory, tells him he must saw wood in the morning to pay for his bed.

CHORUS.

Tune.—Two lovely black eyes.
God save old Brown,
God save old Brown,
From being a loafer and hanging round town,
God save old Brown.

III.—War Cry Selling.

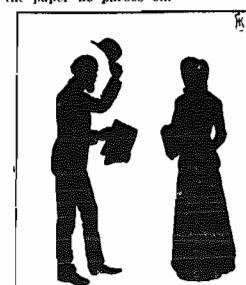
Scene I.—The Dude.

Lassie selling War Crys on street meets a dude, who is asked to buy. Dude, with every gesture of disgust, pushes the paper from him, passes on.



Scene II.—The Friend.

A business man is accosted and readily buys, with much fuss. He is profuse in his talk and inquires friendly after the local work and various soldiers' well-being. After paying for the paper he passes on.



Scene III.—The Drunk.

Lassie meets a drunk, who becomes very friendly, and finally falls to the ground, making a few futile efforts to rise. Lassie tries to lift him, but fails and goes to fetch help. In the meantime some Philistines appear on the scene and mock the poor drunk in various ways. They rush off to find a policeman. Three Salvationists appear next, who lift the drunken man bodily and carry him off to the S. A. Temple. After they have left, the policeman appears on the scene, to find the bird flown. (This is a true story which only recently took place in Toronto.)

Other scenes may be added as desired; for instance, (a) selling from door to door; the lassie coming up to a door, which opens and a friendly lady buys a Cry. (b) At another a rough man pushes the seller back and slams the door; lassie prays on doorstep. (c) Selling Crys in saloon. A typical saloon scene: Lassie offers Cry for sale and sings them a verse of a song from it.

Singing should be said about the newspaper and periodicals of the Army, which are printed in 17 different languages, and have a total average circulation of over one million copies per week in the main portion of the globe. There are 52 distinct publications—monthly and weekly—issued by the S. A.

SOLO.

Good evening, friends, I'm glad to introduce to you the *Cry*, a paper that you ought not to omit to buy; A paper full of glorious news, for prince and peasant, too, A paper that is sure to please good folks like you.

Chorus.

War Cry! War Cry! War Cry! Five cents will buy, a copy with columns sixty-four, Devoted to the spreading of the S. A. war; No quack advertisements appear with cures for great and small, But free and full salvation, good for one and all.

Spoken—"Hey, Sergt. Brown, take a War Cry to that lady—now, another there—that's it, going like hot cakes, easily as a pneumatic-tyred safety down an incline.

"Friends, you will find the matter as bright as the electric light, refreshing as 'Budo,' and your verdict will probably be—Two of the very best things to be seen are the General and the War Cry."

Some people greet us with a sneer and elevate their eye. Or give a leer as we appear, and say, "War Cry!"

"Hey, Jack, there goes the Army! Look out, you'll hear the drum!" But if you meet us in the street, say, "War Cry? come."

Spoken—"And then, Sister Jones, or Brother Thompson, as the case may be, will run across the road, saying, 'Certainly, ma'am: we have a wonderful War Cry this week. See what it contains' (reads contents); 'and don't be surprised if he suddenly shouts out!' (Chorus.)

Bill Sikes was once a boozier, his wife had weeping eyes; But when he read the paper his own tears would rise; The Lord spoke through the War Cry, and broke Bill's rocky heart; He then got saved, and on the Cry he took his snarl.

Spoken—"Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the dear fellow, whose home was a hovel, his wife a broken-hearted woman, and his children in rags, was saved by the grace of God, through the instrumentality of the War Cry—and he is only a tycoon, compare are many such cases. If you meet him in the street give him a smile, and say, 'Tass me a War Cry, sir,' and you will probably hear him say, with a broad grin of delight" (Chorus.)

IV.—Daisy.

This is a verbatim representation of the story by the Field Commissioner, which appeared some time back; in the War Cry, only divided into scenes now.

Scene I.—Daisy's Home.



Daisy by name, and daisy indeed in form—a daisy in a slum, perhaps, but all the same a daisy, despite the pinched features, pale cheek, ragged frock and naked feet. She darts up the rickety doorway of the shabby home, and to the pale-faced mother, who piles her needle and thread until the early hours of the morning, holding up a bunch of faded flowers, and cries, "Look, mother, now I can sell them for something for your supper."

Scene II.—Daisy on the Street.

The little bare head and naked feet stand a long time in the biting wind of the winter's night, but no one buys.

At last a well-dressed man, to the delight of the child, asks:



"And what do you expect to get for that faded nosebag, little one?"

"Whatever you like to give, sir."

The heart of the purchaser, evidently touched by the pitiful, appealing glance of the eyes uplifted, gives ten cents, and a looker-on might have thought that the breath of the night had caught the child, for the speed with which she passed down the street.

Scene III.—Daisy Kicked.

It was the first silver coin the tiny fingers had clasped, and too excited to retain her joy, immediately on reaching the wretched home, calls out as she climbs the rickety stairs:

"Oh, mother, mother, ten cents, a gentleman gave it me—for the flowers I have sold them. Look, mother,—" holding up the coin—"all shining."



Unfortunately the father is there, has heard the words "ten cents" and demands that the money be given to him; the child crouches with terror behind the door of the garret.

"Give me that money," cried the father.

"No, no," screams the child, "I have got it for mamma. It's to buy her something to eat. I've got it—it's my own, for mamma!"

The man, enraged with drunken fury, "I'll teach you to keep money from your father!" lifts up his foot—a man's foot—with a boot on—a man's foot, and kicks the little figure against the opposite wall of the garret, which is splashed with her blood. He snatches the coin from the now unconscious fingers, and the monster of brutality staggers downstairs headless into the nearest saloon.

Scene IV.—Daisy's Father in Saloon



He turns just as the man behind the bar is saying: "Why, you might have thought the little us had got wings fixed on them

and then; she simply flew, bare feet too; 'twernt the flowers, you know; they're no worth," pointing to the faded bunch lying on the bar, "but 'twere just to give her sustin; I tell yer, now, I wish I'd given her more; she looked so pitiful and hungry, too—I believe she said her mother was sick; anyway, I never saw a feet run like these little ubs; I can't get the sight on her out of my eyes!"

The drunken father stayed no longer to hear more of the conversation, but turned conscience-smiten into the street.

Scene V.—Daisy's Father Converted

Just at that moment the thrum of an Army drum and the ringing strains of cornet attracted attention. Not knowing whether to go he follows the procession into the barracks; the meeting goes on; somebody talks to him; everybody prays with him; somebody creeps over him; and while they sing:



"All the waters of the sea cannot wash my sins away, But Thy precious Blood can do the deed to-day; Jesus, Jesus, while o'er my sins I believe."

Then canst receive me and cleanse. I the man gets soundly converted.

Scene VI.—Daisy Dying.

He hurries home, up the stairs, tells his wife the story. He is never going to drink anymore, he says. With tears in the woman's eyes, scarcely knowing whether to believe it, she says, "Hush," and points to the little heap of rags and whiteness on the bed. The only color there was the heavy blood-stains on the brow.



"Oh, my God, have I killed her?" the man gasped.

"No, but you have kicked her eye out."

The marble-like figure stirred. "Oh, is that you, papa? Come here to me, papa; I am not dead, and I am not sleeping. I have heard all you've said of me. Oh, I'm so glad you're made good, papa. I can't help losing my eye, if I will only be good and good to mamma. I would lose my two eyes to make you good!"

The tall figure of the man went down in a heap at the child's side, and the two little arms, blindly feeling, found their way round his neck.

"Papa," she said, "could you sing one of the hymns they sing where they have those bright meetings?"

"Oh, Daisy, I can't sing; I don't know any good songs. I don't know nothing but hymns yet."

"Well, could you just put your arm around me, papa? you know, like you never did, and hold me up and I will sing." The rough arm, unaccustomed to expressions of affection or tenderness, held up the little form, and the weak, trembling voice, with many

quivers, from darts of pain, rang through the garret:

"There is a better world, they say,

Oh, so bright!

Where sin and woe are done away,

Oh, so bright!

There music fills the balmy air,

And angels with bright wings are there,

And harps of gold, and mansions fair,

Oh, so bright!"

and an angel, kissing the cheek, bore the little spirit to the land of which the child did speak, while the broken-hearted father poured on the face, cold in death, the hot and passionate kisses that should have been given in life—the little darling did give her two eyes and the gift thrust open the floodgates of parental affection, and let loose the rivers of redeeming grace.

ALL TOGETHER SING:

And though we're sinners, every one, Jesus died!

And though our crown of peace is gone, Jesus died!

We may be cleansed from every stain, And in that land of Glory reign,

Jesus died!

Turn on the lights while slugging, and give the invitation, going at once into the prayer-meeting. B. F.

GOD IN A WORD.

Words are signs. They express thoughts. They present ideas. Their power often exceeds all proportion to their size, and may convey by one person a mark of honor or another dishonor. A small word, full of momentous effect. The size of words is not valued by themselves. The person who utters them, and the spirit in which they are spoken, have to be considered. God in one word by one person may bring life; the same word in another's lips may savour of death.

"Good-night, sir, God bless you," said a soldier to his neighbor, as he was about to pass into the saloon on his way home. The soldier put his hand into his heart. A sincere spirit animates words. God was in those simple words. "Don't go, George," replied the person addressed.

"In trouble?" immediately asked the Salvation soldier.

"Am never out of it, man; if I get out of one trouble it is only to fall into another."

"There's no rest for the wicked," commented the Salvationist. "While you live, God out of your life. If you leave, God in your store for you, Saudy."

"It's a perfect hell!"

"I know it. I have passed through myself. I know how it feels. To know what is right, and sometimes to have a strong desire to do it, and yet be without the power to do it, presents a picture of what you will be in hell if you die in your present state."

"I can't be much worse, George, than I am here in Glasgow."

"Oh, yes, it will."

"In what way?"

"In hell you will have no chance at all; in Glasgow you have just one."

"Just one? How do you make that out?"

"Because we have only the present moment to call our own; so that you have but one chance to get right with God."

"Well, I will," the man said, in such an emphatic manner as to surprise even the man of faith. "That is, he was ready for God. He was tired of living without God, and had prayed, or had made a bargain with himself before the Salvationist appeared. "If he speaks one word of salvation to me, I will believe that God does not wish to cast me off," the man had said; so that when he passed by saying, "God bless you!" he felt satisfied that God in the word.

He and his family are all Salvationists—London War Cry

A friend, it is another name for all God, Whose love inspires all love, is all in all.

Profound it not, lest lowest shame befall!

Worship no idol, whether star or cloud!

Nor think that any friend is truly thine,

Save as life's closest link with Love

Divine. —Lucy Larcom.



Weekly Watchword :

Saved to Serve.

Daily Tonic.

SUNDAY.

Once Slaves of Sin, now Servants of Righteousness.—Romans vii. 22.

Once the servants of sin, now the servants of righteousness; once in the pay of all iniquity and receiving the wages of sin, which is death, now rejoicing in the freedom of a glad service to Heaven. Whose reward is eternal life. What a happy change.

MONDAY.

Essentials for satisfactory Service.—I. Ch. xxviii. 9.

Two things we must possess in order to please God in our service—one is a perfect heart, and the other a willing mind. The Blood of Jesus will keep the former right, a union with His will must guarantee the latter.

TUESDAY.

Serve God by a Holy Life.—Romans xvi. 17 and 18.

To make a really service acceptable to God and a credit to the right, a man should be a Christian. To do this we must manifest righteousness, peace and joy. Integrity in all things, freedom from unnecessary friction and a cheerful content, are qualities bound to make their mark on the lives of others.

*

WEDNESDAY.

Whole-hearted Service—Col. iii. 23 and 24.

A grudging service in God's eyes is no service at all. To serve God all the heart must be given, all the life consecrated. No soldier of the Cross ever regrets having spent his all in the service of his King; it is the only life that will bear looking back upon.

*

THURSDAY.

Faithful Service.—Matt. xxv. 46.

Our idea of a faithful servant on earth is one that does his duty to his master whether the master's eye is on him or not. In our service for Heaven the eye of our Master is ever watching us, and it is the man who does right in the smallest as well as in great opportunities of life, who shall receive His final "Well done."

*

FRIDAY.

Honorable service recognised.—John xii. 26.

Good men and true often receive their honor and reward as well as a haven. God's recognition rests upon fulfilled duty even in this life. The grey hairs that have whitened in the King's cause are rarely smeared by dishonor. A good old man may not be rich, but he is in most cases a respected one.

*

SATURDAY.

Heavenly Service.—Rev. vii. 15.

To a great many energetic soldiers of Christ—here is a joy to think that the Bible holds out possibilities of a glorious service in the skies. If service here, while battling against opposition and difficulty, and often amid manifold temptations, is so sweet, what will be the bliss of service wrought under such happy conditions?

WANTED !

Army literature to send to the lumber camps. Address Brigadier Mrs. Read, S. A. Temple, Albert Street, Toronto.

Epigrams.

By JOUBERT.

Conceited people always seem to me like dwarfs, to have the stature of a child and the countenance of a man.

—X—

Nothing costs children so much trouble as thought. This is because the ultimate and essential destiny of the soul is to see and to know, and not to think. Thought is one of the tasks of life, a method of attainment, a road, a passage, but not an end in itself. To know, and to be known, are the two points of rest; here will be the happiness of souls.

—X—

A little vanity and a little gratification of the senses. These are what make up the life of the majority of women and men.

—X—

Contradiction only irritates us, because it disturbs us in our peaceful possessions of some opinion, or of

some pre-eminence. That is why it is more irritating to the weak man than to the strong, and to the infirm than to the healthy.

—X—

It is never other people's opinions that disturb us, but only the desires they sometimes show to impose them upon us against our will.

—X—

We may fall into inconsistency through error. It is a fine thing to fall into it through truth, and then we must throw ourselves into it headlong.

—X—

The multitude are capable of virtue, but not of wisdom. More infallible in a question of value than in a question of preference—they can recognize, but they cannot choose. There is more meaning than one would think in the joke against the butcher, who, having need of a lawyer, went into the law courts, and there chose the stoutest.

—X—

The first poets and writers made men wise; modern writers try and make wise men mad.

Christ and Nicodemus.

Hitherto those who had chiefly sought Jesus or shewed any practical response to His teachings, were men of the poorer and fisherman classes. Nicodemus, as a member of the Sanhedrin, belonged to the wealthier and ruling people, and was thus a man of considerable importance in the Jewish world. That he came to enquire of Christ at night does not necessarily show that he was enslaved by cowardly fear of the Jews; it may have been that he did not want to commit himself in the eyes of the world until he was convinced of the truth of the Saviour's teachings.

How did Christ meet Nicodemus? Was there any favor shown him because he was a great man in the social and religious world? Far from it. Christ gave him the most direct and uncompromising definition of God's will that He had yet uttered. What a lesson does the definiteness of Christ's dealings with men teach to the Christian world to-day? It never infuses matters with anybody, nor lowered the standard of what was right to gain the favor of a soul. In God's sight, all men are equal in their importance as possessors of never-dying souls, and all must be dealt with accordingly. Let us guard against the hideous

temptation of making salvation easy for anybody.

There is no royal road to real religion. A definite experience must have a definite start, and there is no right commencement but a thorough change of heart.

Thousands have got wrong here. They stepped into a religious profession without the experience of conversion, which alone can equip a man with spiritual possession. At the time, perhaps, there is no striking weakness manifest in their walk, but sooner or later the shaky character of their faith is bound to be declared. They cannot say, "I KNOW in Whom I have believed," and the world soon finds it out, and judges accordingly. Before long they have made shipwreck of their insecure salvation, and are branded as failures in all eyes. But such do not detract from the all-conquering value of Saving Grace which is able to save to the uttermost all and each who will abandon themselves to its influence.

Salvation is the hope of the world. When all who name the Name of Christ, and profess to be His followers, have actually passed from death unto life, and are definitely and uncompromisingly consecrated to God and His purposes, the day of the Sun of righteousness will have dawned round the universe.

He who cannot keep silence cannot gain ascendancy. In action, speak yourself; in speech, spare yourself; in action, fear sloth; in speech, fear abundance, ardor and volubility.

—X—

Wisdom is a science by which we distinguish things that are good for the soul from those that are not. It is the science of sciences, because it alone knows their value, their exact importance, their true use, their dangers and their purpose.

—X—

"Fear God" has made many a man plios, the proofs of the existence of a God have made many men atheists. From the defence springs the attack; if the advocate hegets in his hearing a wish to pick a quarrel, and men are almost led on, from the desire to contradict the doctor, the desire to contradict the doctrine. Make truth lovely, and do not try to arm her; mankind will then be far less inclined to contend with her.

—X—

The writers who have influence are the only men who express perfectly what others think, and who awake in men's minds feelings that were ready to blossom. In the depths of human mind all literatures lie dormant.

As the Master Sees.

(A Legend.)

Years ago I read a story. That I never shall forget. Just a legend of the Saviour. But His memory haunts me yet. Though not found in sacred writing, Yet I always think it true. For it seemeth like the Master. Just what He would say and do. Jesus, with His loved disciples. Once was walking by the sea. Over them shone the sun in splendor. At their feet lay Galilee. Sweet is the Master's discourse with them.

As He taught those chosen few Deeper secrets of the Scripture. Than the learned Rabbis knew. Sweeter far to them His novelties. Than the sweetest song of birds; Time and place alike forgotten; As they listened to His words. Suddenly upon their musings Broke a harsh, discordant noise; Mingled shouts and cries now reach them.

While a troop of men and boys Round the nearest hill pursued. On the hill a frightened dog appears. On they urge the timid, shivering creature, With fierce blows and cruel tears. Springing forward with new courage, As the waiting group he sped. Dropping, with a cry half human. At the Saviour's feet he died. His mib-shaped, shrunken body. Was a mass of putrid sores; By the mob he had been beaten Till the blood oozed from the pores. Both to sight and smell offensive. Was the carcass as it lay. Peter, always first in action. Sprung it with his foot away. Said "Master, here it grieves me. That this should sit this object see. Stolen on yon slight repeat, Should be kept afar from Thee." But the Master answered, "Peter. While thou saw'st but wounds and scars,

Then didst fall his teeth to notice. They than pearls were whiter than." Peter, shameful, made no answer. But the lesson came to all; Good is found in every being. Though great may have been his fall. Pearls or priceless worth are buried. Far beneath the ocean's wave; So I buries mine, and am wailing. For the hand stretch'd out to save. Let us, as we journey onward. Then the flag of love unfurled. Remembering what we deem as worth-iness. May conceal a priceless pearl.

Julia Leslie
Bridgetown, N. S.



NEEPAWA, Man.—We had a wonderful time in our bouldness meeting Sunday. One dear sister volunteered out and got the victory. Sing-song meeting in the afternoon went with a swing. The duet by Bro. "Sam" and the Captain was enjoyed by all present. At night deep conviction, but none yielded.—Lieut. Budson.

The Days that "Used to Was,"

Or, WAR MEMORIES OF A VETERAN.

By BRIGADIER COMPLIN.

SUNSHINE in the face is a very desirable quality for a Salvationist, and Staff-Capt. Geo. Manton has generally a typical sunshiny salvation face for whoever may visit his office.

The Staff-Capt. is not a young man—not in years, that is; he reckons he is pretty young, and whenever looks at the solid way his body is constructed can only say, "A man of his years and sturdy physique will resist the decay of age many years longer; but it will be seen he is not in some senses young, when we say he has been a citizen of Toronto for 41 years.

George Manton was among the first to join the Salvation Army at its inception in Toronto. He can take you in imagination through the whole course of events from the day the first Salvation shot was fired, to the current happenings of to-day. Of course, he is full of stories of the war—the early days especially furnish rich material for his reminiscences.

Staff-Capt. Manton has a photographic album of Salvation celebrities, some of whom are shining now in the fuller glory of the Lord's own presence; some are fighting the good fight of faith in this and other lands, and some—alas! have suffered a sunless eclipse and are tossed hither and thither on the stormy sea of life, derelicts, carrying for no harbor of safety, carrying no crowd of happy passengers with them—but drifting down to doom!

Oldest Canadian Salvationist.

The Staff-Capt. points with no small deference to his contribution to the fact that he is the oldest remaining Canadian officer and soldier of the Salvation Army, and has been kept faithful until now.

Something started the Staff-Capt. on one of his stories the other day, and we are sending the same through the War Cry to our readers as a means of encouragement, especially to those engaged in the hard field.

Said the Staff-Capt. (looking through his glasses)—"It's fourteen years ago since I applied for the work. I had a good situation, but was leaving it for another at \$12 per week. I was full of life and dash, and had a voice as clear as a bell. In those days I used to get \$10 and \$20 a night for slugging. I have sung in the Auditorium before the Governor General, and I think you may say, without a question, that I was popular then. But my heart had been stirring up about this Army work. The fire had got hold of me. There was no rest in my bones, and before I accepted this new situation I went to see Commissioner Coombs. I stood talking with him at the door of the Headquarters (Headquarters and the Commissioner's house were one at that time), on Esther St. I just presented my case to him, and told him if he wanted me he must decide at once, or I should have to take the situation that was offered me on the Monday following.

"He answered me in three words—

"Go to T----."

"I accordingly arranged my affairs—left the little woman (his wife) as comfortably as I could. Some blamed me for leaving good prospects for such an uncertain way of living as the Army seemed to present, but I said God had called me, and the following week I went by train to T----.

"When I got out of that station, a big shuck of a fellow came up to me in uniform. He had Lieutenant's braid on. Says he to me, 'Are you the new Captain?' I said, 'Yes.' He replied, in a most despairing and down-hearted way, 'God help us!' 'God help us,' says I, 'SIR! He will help us to get the fire burning, sinners converted, and the world rolling on.' I found that through some unfortunate circumstances, the camp had not been opened, had got into very low water. Everybody was down-hearted, and thought the Army was dying. That night at open-air time not a soldier appeared. So says I to the Lieutenant, 'Come on, Lieutenant, let's go to the open-air,' and away we went with the drum and fife to the centre of the town, the flag being carried by an unsavvy man—a comical Irishman, by name McCarthy. Says he, 'Captain, I'll carry the ban-

ner for you!' 'All right,' says I, and away we went.

Loud Singing.

"The people were peeping through the doors and windows, wondering what I was going to do, I suppose, but when I got to the town centre, I knelt down on the cold, wet stones in the mud and prayed to God to send His blessing upon me and convert some sinner. I got up and sang so loud—'Where is my wandering heart to-night?' I sang so loud that the people at Merriton—14 miles away—told me that they heard me singing. My heart was full, and I sang in the power of the Spirit. Listening to me that night was a poor drunkard and gambler, and a wandering boy at that—a lad just out of Sing-Sing, having served three months—had come out that week. I got him to go back to the barracks with us. When we got to the barracks for the inside meeting, a number of soldiers were on hand and wanted to get on the platform, but says I, 'No you don't—until you have been to the penitent form; if you can't fight with me in the open air, you are not going to fight with me inside.'

"We had a lovely meeting. The gambler came out broken-hearted to the penitent form. When the light broke into his soul he was filled with

joy, and willing to do anything for God. Says he to me, 'Captain, here's \$750 worth which I have won in gambling. I do not mean to touch a cent of it,' and before my eyes he tore them up (which were in notes of hand) into shreds."

"But," we interrupted, "if he came out of prison that week, where would he have time to get those notes of hand?"

"The Staff-Capt. replied, 'He had had them the three years of his term in prison, and a gambling debt. Let me tell you, will be paid sooner than a store bill. There is honor even amongst gamblers. Said he, with tears streaming down his cheeks, 'It is 14 years since I wrote to my mother, and she does not know but that I am a respectable young man to-day, but I will write to her to-night.'

A New Barrack.

"From that night the revival spread. Those who had wondered what the new Captain was going to be like, felt that God was with him, and came over to help us wholesale. A gentleman whom I had got to read the lesson, said to me a few days after, 'Captain, that boy had great expense for you—\$22 a month in his money. Come over and look at this place of mine.' And he took me to a malt house, which had been fitted up for a dancing hall. Says I, 'That's just the place.'

"Says he, 'Will it suit you?'

"I said, 'Beautiful!'

"Then says he, 'You can have it for \$1 a year, and I will put the dollar into the collection box.'

"God bless you, sir," says I.

"But," he says, "you will want some seats, won't you?"



Ensign Blos, Dawson City, in his Winter Clothes.



ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI ENDEAVORS TO CONVERT SULTAN
MELIC-KAMEL.

St. Francis of Assisi, the well-known founder of the Order of the Franciscans, made his appearance in the Christian army during the time of the crusades. His reputation for piety was spread throughout the Christian world, and had preceded him into the East. Francis was sent into Egypt by the friars of the order to the court of their enemy, to make some great conversion. The day preceding the last battle, he had a miraculous presentiment of the defeat of the Christians, and imparted his prediction to the leaders of the army, who heard him with indifference. Dissatisfied with the crusaders, and devoured by the zeal of a mission from God, he then conceived the project of securing the triumph of the faith by his eloquence and the arms of the Gospel alone. He directed his course towards the enemy's camp, and permitted him to escape with his life.

himself in the way of being taken prisoner by the Saracen soldiers, and was conducted into the presence of the Sultan. Then Francis addressed Melic-Kamel, and said to him, "It is God Who sends me towards you, to point out to you the road to salvation." After these words the missionary exhorted the Sultan to embrace the Gospel; he challenged in his presence all the doctors of the law, and to confess his sins, and to prove the truth of the Christian religion, offered to cast himself into the midst of the burning funeral-pile. The Sultan, although otherwise known for his cruelty and hatred of Christians, was so astonished and impressed by the earnest and impetuous zeal of St. Francis that he ordered him to be released and conducted outside of the Mohammedan camp, and permitted him to escape with his life.

"I said, 'Yes.'

"'Well, come down the yard with me,' he replied, 'I have got some lumber there.' And if he didn't give me all the lumber I wanted to make the seats! I tell you it was not long before we had one of the neatest little barracks around the country. In three weeks we cleared off \$75 of debt, and although I was only there a short time, God was with us, and we left the corps in small corps.

Visitation

"On my visitation, going down the canal, I dropped into a hammer factory, where a man—a big, gruff Irishman—was making a big sledge hammer.

"I said to the man, 'Good-morning, sir. What are you doing there, sir?'

"'Well,' he says, 'I am making this hammer.'

"I said, 'Are you married, sir?'

"'Yes,' says the man, 'I live in that little cottage on the hill top.'

"I suppose you have got a little boy who comes to see you at dinner-time—do you love him?'

"'Well, I suppose I do,' said the man.

"'Do you love your wife?' says I.

"'What are you at?' said the man hastily.

"'Well, sir,' I said, 'I thought you thoroughly understood your business in hammering that hammer, and the thought occurred to me, have you learned the secret of tempering your own heart? Are you converted?'

"The man stopped his work, and looking me full in the face, said 'I'm afraid I am not, sir.'

"Then," said I, "you cannot love your wife nor your little ones as you should do, unless you get converted. What a change would make in your life and home if you gave your heart to God!" And I saw the tear drop.

"What you say is perfectly correct."

"The bulk of my time at that place was spent visiting the men in the boats, as they passed up and down the Welland Canal. There were wooden shanties up and down the banks of the canal, which formed a cover for the men. I used to go in there and drop on my knees or sit on the floor at their feet, and say, 'God bless you, are you converted?' Sing with them and then invite them to Christ."

Quite Poetical

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE—All alive and kicking. Since last report seven of the Jerry Seat—4 for salvation, 2 backsliders, 1 for full salvation. Bless God! It's good.

Stick to the grampus, lads, the Blond-and-Blare show; Get into the bonnet, lasses, let the people know. The world you have forsaken and to Jesus how you go.

For the self and pride and worldliness are underneath the flow.

—Shakespeare II.

I notice three brand new bonnets on the march lately. Glory be to Jesus! —Signed, Me.

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

STAFF-CAPT. TURNER, Pacific Province, to be MAJOR.

Lieut. Edwards, of the Industrial Colony, to be Captain.

Appointments—

BRIGADIER GASKIN, Provincial Officer of the C. O. P., to be General Secretary, with the oversight of the Central Ontario Province.

MAJOR TURNER, of the Pacific Province, to be Chancellor of the C. O. P.

STAFF-CAPT. GAGE, of the North-West Province, to be Chancellor of the Pacific Province.

ADJ'T. CASS to be Chancellor of the North-West Province.

ENSIGN BALE to be Cashier of the Central Ontario Province.

Capt. Morris, Cashier of the Central Ontario Province, to the General Secretary's Office.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



Peace or War.

The nations' representatives are now assembled in Holland to discuss means to bring us closer to a permanent peace among all civilized peoples of the earth. All true Christians will pray that the deliberations of the assembly may be blessed and directed in a special manner by God. It is true, God sits in government, and will ultimately bring about His own purposes, but it is in the power of man to delay or hasten the same. Prayer, if it is anything, is most efficient force to help us individually, as well as the subjects of our prayer, and fervent prayers on behalf of such an important congress as the one which is considering such questions of vital importance, will not fail to make themselves felt in a very practical manner. If but all the beautiful sentiments passed on behalf of the Peace Convention, in print and in spoken words, become the prayer of the hearts of all Christendom—not the lips only—could, with certainty, predict enormous accomplishments for good, it will be done unto us according to our faith in this question, as well as in every thing else.

Action.

The Field Commissioner has been putting her preachers into practice, and amidst the mass of business of administration has found time to do a series of private and public meetings. Needless to say, her meetings have met with thorough appreciation, as well as being held in that character that makes them live in our memories. The great Massey Hall meeting is approaching at the time of writing this, and there is every indication that it will be as immense a success as the previous demonstration of like title, which enlisted the sympathies of thousands, and awakened many consciences but until then had been deaf to the pleadings of Love Divine.

It is success that colors all in life; Success makes fools admired, makes villains honest; All the proud virtue of this vaunting world; Paws on success or power, how'er acquired.

—Thompson.

The Field Commissioner
AT LIPPINCOTT.

A Sunday Night Stamped upon the Recollection of Saint and Sinner.

WHAT kind of a time are we going to have to-night, Adjutant?" I overheard the Chief Secretary ask the faith of Lippincott's commanding officer, Adj't. DesBrisay, answering out of the same, prophetically, and毫不迟疑地 declared, "Beautiful!"

The unquestioning confidence of a Salvationist staggered optimism. But that the Adj't. had good grounds for his remark is beyond dispute.

The prelude to the great occasion, viz., the Commissioner's night meeting, had been an afternoon of more than ordinary interest. Brigadier Gaskin, the leader, said it was a good meeting, others who were there said it was a better one. Ten Local Officers were commissioned, there were brief speeches and bright singing from Major Horn, Adj't. St. John, Secretary Major Senn, "Bishop" Blackburn, the reverend "Felt" and others. Brigadier Gaskin made some edifying remarks on Divos and Lazarus, and there was excellent attention. Altogether the meeting was just the character to whet the appetite of both soldiers and sinners for the night's event.

It was a great occasion—the first Sunday service conducted by the Commissioner to the corps. That it was going to make a record, others beside Adj't. DesBrisay believed certainly.

Hurrying down the Garrison stairs (for to begin a meeting late in the Commissioner's estimation, is to begin a meeting ill) our leader had a narrow escape of colliding with what appeared, at first sight, a squad of stray chairs, attempting to wave their salutes, but which afterwards proved to be a brother of hot and confused aspect, struggling with the problem of just about twice as many chairs as one man could carry. Leaving the devoted comrade to extricate himself of an entanglement down stairs, remarking sotto voce that it was rather significant that chairs should be carried down to a barracks, which has its full complement of seating accommodation.

The mystery was explained on entering the hall. There were plenty of people to ery blessing on the brave gentleman with the chairs. The place was full, from the edge of the well-equipped platform to the swing of Lippincott's green-horse door.

Stepping to the front with her hand on her hymn-book, but her eye upon the faces before her, we think the Commissioner much have felt something of the inspiration their uplifted gaze presented. It was no ordinary crowd, both from point of intelligence and interest. "Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die?" gave the tone to the meeting.

"Oh, the love that sought me," is an engaging melody, for salvation, but we never heard it sung more effectively to salvation than by Staff-Capt. Manton that night. The old veteran's enthusiasm was infectious, it linked on every one on the platform and held hold of the congregation. There could be no stiffness after that. But, indeed, there had been none before, the purpose of the meeting was too plainly written on face, and lip, and heart. Eternal steps for up or down were going to be taken in that very meeting, and sinners as well as saints could see the significance of the approaching crisis.

Something of a surprised hush fell upon the crowd as the Commissioner laid her Bible on the stand and said, "Let us read," but "Let me pray." The gates of heaven's blessing were not unformed that night on behalf of any kind of any sinner for whom her burning petitions were raised.

The Commissioner's Address.

The address which followed is the harder to describe because its force lay as much in feeling as in fact. Eloquence is a word easily defined, but union is better experienced than explained, and it was with the force of nothing less that the Commissioner ripped away, exploded, shattered indifference, and declared the immensurable, infinite mercy and limitless power of God's great salvation. The

intrinsic worth of what was said might be divided into two values to the unconvinced heart—1st. The hatefulness of the sinner, clutching, 2nd. The Heaven of Heavens which, by failing, they missed.

The dusk of waning spring twilight had already settled down upon the throng, but in the half-lights the faces of many gleamed, white and conscience-stricken, as the Commissioner with impassioned vehemence, plunged the sword of truth into the souls of professions before her. She drew pictures with startling graphiness of destruction. Men who indulged their appetites with insatiable licentiousness, as they looked upon their own portion of years, hence, "drunks staggering, past chances, past home, past hope, past mothers' prayers, past wife's pleadings—staggering on until they stumbled against their own tombstone and fall headlong into an abyss of retribution."

The gambler, the hypocrite, and others were unmasked and their hidden excuses dragged out and disposed of. It was a time of revelation, men's hearts were laid bare before their own gaze. The ring of avenging justice in the speaker's voice melted into tender pleading as she closed, and the last picture that she showed us was of the Cross.

A Well-Fought Prayer Meeting.

The prayer meeting that followed was worthy of the name. It was a pitched battle noonday that hellish onslaught, "more convenient season," for the devil of indifference had been practically banished. Everybody took part in it; the singing, praying, and believing were of the first order—that is, they were of the wrestling, desperate stamp. There was a refusal to give in that defied opposition, and harriers went down. The barracks was riddled with salvation shot from the front and peppered with pentitent and penitential fire. Scores of fishers, staff, and field officers, soldiers and Cadets, who laid hold of the individually convicted. Spent though she must have been after an hour's talk, into which she put almost as much physical energy as spiritual force, the Commissioner moved amongst the people, following up the smitten and persuading the halting. Brigadier Gaskin held the bridge, the Chief Secretary fished energetically. Mrs. Jacobs and Mrs. Gaskin were both engaged in holding the line. Major Collier held on a big sinner at the back. Staff-Captain Morris of another at the front; while Major Tanton, Staff-Captain Manton, and others were similarly busy. The Staff Band lent something more to color to the occasion—everybody who wasn't pleading seemed praying, everybody who wasn't praying seemed singing, and everybody was believing.

Salvation came to that house—of course we did; we expected it under such conditions, and our real work was put in at the penitent form. Hot tears fell there, and judging by the correctness with which God's mercy was sought, we believe its power was proved.

Numbers of those who went out with conviction's arrows pinioning their prostrating souls will return, like the young man who, to escape Mrs. Gaskin's pleading, rushed from the building, only to retrace his steps some twenty minutes after to fall on his knees at the front.

"One of the best meetings I have had in," said one officer. "A battle that blessed my soul," said another.

"A model salvation fight," put in a third. "God gave us more of them!"

I didn't hear what the soldiers thought, but judging by their looks and lungs in the prayer meeting, we venture to say they enjoyed the meeting up to the hilt.

The love that survives the tomb is one of the noblest tributes of the soul.—Washington Irving.

Hamilton's Anniversary
OF WOMEN'S SOCIAL WORK.

(Special)

The city's Chief Magistrate, Mayor Teetzel, presided over a large and influential gathering, and spoke in commendatory terms of the reformatory and charitable work done by the Army in Hamilton. Brigadier Mrs. Read, Women's Social Secretary, delivered the Anniversary report, Rev. Dr. Beavis, Congregational; Rev. Mr. Emerson, Baptist; Rev. Mr. Jansen, Presbyterian, and Rev. W. F. Wilson, Methodist, made stirring speeches. Mr. F. G. Goss, of the Fall, quoted unimpassioned statistics showing a decrease in commitments to the jail among women. Messrs. Ryan, Evangelists, and others, assisted in the meeting at night. Full report following.—Major Stewart.

MAJOR HARGRAVE'S RECEPTION IN MONTREAL.

In accordance with recent announcements in the Witness, the welcome meeting to Major and Mrs. Hargrave, the newly-appointed Commanders of this Province, took place at the St. Alexander St. barracks last night. The reception was very enthusiastic, and the attendance of both soldiers and friends was large.

The officers of Point St. Charles corps, the French corps and the Light-house, and representative soldiers were called upon by Staff-Capt. Rawling, who presided, for brief addresses of welcome to the new officers, which were delivered in the most cordial terms.

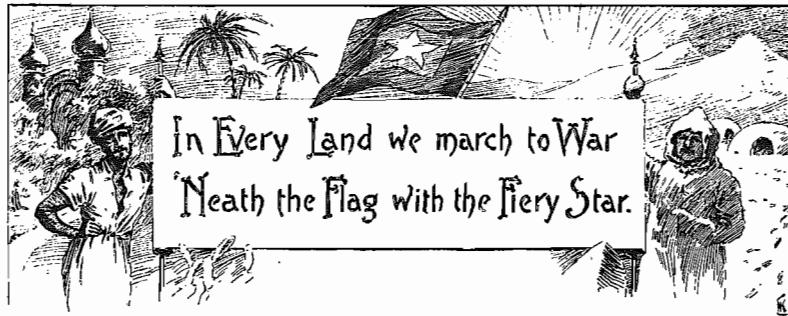
Both the Major and his wife delivered stirring addresses in which they thanked the friends for the warm reception accorded them, and expressed themselves as already feeling quite at home in Montreal, though they had only been in the city a few days. Mrs. Hargrave, who is not only a pleasing and impressive speaker, but has a charming voice, sang a solo very effectively. A duet by their two children, about five and seven years of age, was also greatly enjoyed.—Montreal Witness.

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON VISIT

To the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Toronto.

Yesterday (Sunday), being requested to go and conduct an hour's meeting in each place, the Sisters Patterson and myself were driven over, and at 3 p.m. were ushered into the corridors of the Central. The Guard kindly let us see them open the cells. Within two minutes the corridors were full of young men ranging between the ages of 18 and 30. With great frankness and precision they announced single file to the Guard Hall; we were then given charge of the meeting. There were about 370 of us, and I think I can say, "Never has a more appreciative audience sat to listen to two or three simple Salvationists." God being with us we felt we were equal to the emergency. We felt we had got the attention of the whole crowd. Several pieces were sung and accompanied by the guitar, by Sisters Patterson. I sang, "Diamonds in the rough," and "Oh, the love that sought me in the rough," and gave them a description of my own conversion, and the happy consequences of a Christian life. During the service the congregation had several hearty, good laughs; but all over the crowd bids us good-bye. We noticed many to whom we had spoken about their souls in the Salvation Army halls.

At 4 p.m. we arrived at the Mercer, and had the privilege of talking and singing to about 50 women, many families with them. We felt while addressing this crowd the great goodness of God to those who follow Him. We also felt the importance of dealing faithfully with these poor creatures; angels would desire the privilege of winning these souls for God. We cannot help saying, "God equip us for the war."—Staff-Captain Manton.



THE BRITISH ISLES.

The Chief of the Staff has returned from Norway and Denmark, and brings a splendid report of the Army's position.

Mrs. Brannwell Booth is arranging a breakfast in aid of the Rescue Work at the Holborn Restaurant. The Earl of Aberdeen is presiding, and a long list of other leading lights will be present.

Midday meetings are held twice a week at Messrs. Napier and Sons' Ironworks, Glasgow, conducted by the Sergt.-Major of Glasgow 1.

Major Bergstrom, whose health is not good, goes on a long furlough to Norway.

A regular weekly meeting is now being conducted at Wolverton Carriage Works, 5,000 men and boys are said to be employed here.

UNITED STATES.

The Consul has commenced a series of boldness meetings in Greater New York.

The Nashville, Tenn., Shelter is quite a large institution. The American Cry gives some views of it.

Brigadier Cox is taking charge of the new Life Insurance Department to be managed from the New York H. Q.

Staff-Captain Hyblested, of the War Cry staff, has just married Capt. Yost.

Adjt. and Mrs. T. H. Adams are in charge of Maine and a part of New Hampshire.

The J. S. Annual commences on June 4th.

FRANCE.

Brigadier Foranachon, the Territorial General Secretary, has been transferred to the London International Headquarters. Brigadier Peyton takes his place at the Paris Palace Headquarters.

Major Jeanninot has sought and found a new hall in the working and populous part of Paris, at Grenelle. It will be the barracks for the seventh corps.

Major Jeanninot is also looking for an eighth hall in the Gros-Caillou part of the city.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The South African War Cry regularly gazettes the names, etc., of children who have been dedicated to God and the Army.

Further improvements in the native work are being made at the Biegwabi and Tshoxa stations. A day-school will be opened.

Brigadier and Mrs. Wilmer are being transferred from the native work to England.

Durban 1. Corps is getting a large new citadel and officers' quarters.

ITALY.

Brigadier Clibbon has conducted special open-air meetings in Venice. To address the audience he had to speak from a gondola. On the shipping and on the banks of the canal were great crowds of people listening attentively.

ICELAND.

We would like to be able to give our readers some news from this country, clipped from the latest Icelandic War Cry, but coming across such words as synda-fyrirgefninguna, hreinsunarkraftin, postasafnslustiðum, bresfingastogum, and issafoldarprentsmiðja, we regret to say we were unable to sufficiently translate enough to make an everyday sentence.

SWEDEN and NORWAY.

Several Divisional changes have just taken place in Sweden.

A new Rescue Home in Stockholm has been purchased.

Commissioner Oliphant, of Sweden, recently dedicated 13 children belonging to officers.

A team in Christiania gave 2,000 kroner (£10) to the Social Work, and the savings bank in the same city has donated 1,000 kroner (£5 10s.), while another firm in Trondum has donated 200 kroner (£10) to the Slum Work.

INDIA and CEYLON.

An institution for which we desire to speak a good word is the Salvation Army Rescue Home of this city, (Calcutta), under the excellent management of Miss Fry. More than ever has its benevolent work come under our notice. We are glad to commend it to the public.—Indian Witness.

Major Prabhu Das recently conducted a campaign at Colombo, when 12 souls were saved and five new soldiers made.

FRAGMENTS FROM AFAR

Major Due, of Japan, has had a successful tour in the west. Accompanied by a party of eight officers and Cadets, he toured the Yokohama District. This formed the largest party of officers ever seen in the west. Seven souls were saved and nine soldiers made.

A plot of land for burial purposes has been allotted by the Kingston Munipality (Jamaica) to the Salvation Army.

Adjt. Bismeyer will be appointed to charge the new Rescue Home, which will be opened in a few days in Hamburg, Germany.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER WITH HER SOLDIERS.

Three City Corps Unite at the Temple to Listen to their Beloved Leader.

SEASONS OF BLESSING THAT MAKE RICH THE SOUL.

In spite of the rain and chilly night, the soldiery of Riverside, Yorkville and the Temple corps turned out in goodly force, and here again Miss Booth, with them is quite enough of an inducement to brave cold, rain and open street cars, at the risk of catching influenza, in the assurance of a rich feast to each soul. For, while we are proud of our tolling leader in the front of the battle on the public platform of a crowded meeting, when hundreds and thousands are swayed through her earnest and impetuous eloquence, and the force of her sympathy and zeal, while God is honored so often by the salvation of scores, nay, scores of souls, yet it is in her soldiers' meetings that her deep insight into the things of God and human nature, as well as her wide experience and capabilities as a leader is most strikingly felt, and her words of counsel, her explanations of Scripture and her personal concern to help, and to bless, and to lead forward in Divine knowledge, and to equip better for desperate warfare her soldiers, bring out her best forces of heart and brain.

KEEP SINGING.

The Field Commissioner, previous to singing on the text of the evening, had a chorus of Staff-Capt. Mauton's singing over :

O the Love that sought me,
O the Blood that bought me,
O the Grace that brought me
To His fold!"

These excellent words, to a tune which hardly does them full credit, were sung over and over again. The Commissioner pointed out a great danger, against which we must guard continually, especially in our singing—that of doing things mechanically. We must put faith, and heart, and soul into our songs, so that they rise beyond the ceiling, pass through the clouds, and reach the stars and suns of the universe, until they reach the Throne of God. It is not the volume nor the quality of the voice, but the soul back of it all, that gives value to our singing in the sight of God.

THE FOUNDATION ROCK.

The Commissioner spoke on the importance of obedience, as the foundation of all true service.

Ministry is to love than his best, and his best is no more than his duty. This epigram of Miss Booth formed the pivot of her lucid address.

The great, important consideration is to make a right start. A wrong start will never lead to final spiritual success. We must come back to the right start.

Obedience is the first gate of the Christian's life on earth. To be in God's favor and to please him, men, obedient must abide with right through life. Occasional sacrifice, however grand and magnificent, can never take the place of continual obedience. "To obey is better than sacrifice."

The Field Commissioner's words were listened to with profound attention. Every mind followed and appropriated from it gems of thought that will result in meeting a more joyous and glorious end to the will of God, and more efficient service as soldiers of Jesus Christ.

We have never been so determined that by the blessing and guidance of God, the Commissioner shall find in us all, men and women who can be reckoned upon in the time of battle, and who are glad of the privilege of fighting under the leadership of such a devoted and honored commander as the Field Commissioner has proved himself. Quite apart from the deep she holds in our affections.—One Who Listened.



Father Potts, of Collingwood, Tells His Life Story.

I was born at Willow Keith, England, in the year 1841. My first drink was given to me by my father when I was only five years of age. At the age of 12 I ran away from home and came to Canada, and went to work with Mr. P.—at Puslinch, Ont. Here I first drank strong whiskey, and kept it up for some ten years. I had to leave my place and hire with a Mr. Mc—, near Guelph. He was a professor of religion and kept liquor in the house. I went to the fair, got on a big spree, had a fight and had to get out and leave the place, and then went to Mono, Ontario, where I met a Miss Settrow, whom I married a short time afterwards. I rented a small place from a hotel keeper which proved very disastrous to myself and my wife. I managed to keep sober about three weeks after being married, when I broke out and came home drunk, which nearly broke my wife's heart. I had a general row with all who opposed me, and ran away. My poor wife, with a sad heart, followed me to Ellora, where she met me coming out of my father's house. I wanted to pull her into the hotel, but



Father Potts, Collingwood.

she would not go. I had some words, not very choice, and she left and walked to Fergus at ten o'clock at night, staying with some friends. Next day we met again, and had some feelings which were soon filled with sorrow, we moved to Midhurst. I had to sell the most of my things to get away, at least my wife did. I got along very well there, excepting once in a while getting drunk. We had four children. I was very cross and wicked with my family. They were all afraid of me. We then moved to Collingwood, where I now live. I rented a little house on the lake shore, with only one room and a little kitchen. I got in bad with company and drank and crouched often for weeks at a time, many a time a night long. When I came home the children would run away and hide. The dog would even get out of the way, and they would have to lock him up to save his life. I was coming home one day drunk and went into a neighbor's house and ran them all out, very shortly after doing the same thing again. till I became a terror to all who had anything to do with me.

While here we had five more children, making a total of nine. My poor dear wife had to struggle and fight to keep the all alive, and had to hold every hand. I never would go inside of a church or any place of worship. One day the Salvation Army came along. My eldest daughter went to hear them and was very soon one of the number. She kept at me till I went, and, glory to God, I soon felt the Spirit working in my heart. I came out and God took away all my sins. Capt. Crashy, now Mrs. Major Cooper, was in charge at that time. She did all she could to help me in the narrow way. I feel I have every reason to praise God for the S. A. I am a soldier in the Army now for fifteen years. My dear family is grown up and we have moved out of the little house into the new, and instead of one home we have two, and they are our own. To God and the Salvation Army we owe our love.—John Potts.

Mother Potts' History.

Fifteen Years a Soldier.

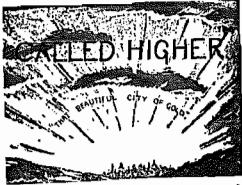
I was born near Guelph, Ont., in 1841. My mother and father belonged to the Methodist Church. I believe my mother was a good Christian woman and tried to lead her family in the right way; but, like many others, I wandered away from a mother's care, and went into the pleasures of the world. While sitting in a meeting one night the Spirit of God took hold of me, and I was led to seek God. I found Him, to the joy and satisfaction of my soul. I went on in this good way for some time, but in an evil hour I was tempted and fell in an evil way. I was overcome with shame. I went on in my backslidden state for a long time. I married my husband, who was not a Christian, and I had no encouragement to do better. I began to think, and fell on my knees crying for God to help me and to have mercy on me, and took my Bible and read and prayed. It seemed all vain. I began to think I was lost forever. Oh, the anguish and pain I suffered! Many bitter tears I shed through my disobedience, this misery for so long a time. At last I dropped myself on my bed and cried, "I am lost! I am lost!" When I said "lost," the light broke in and my burden rolled away. Hallelujah! My trouble did not end here. My husband turned out to be a drunkard. He was not very agreeable when under the influence of liquor. He would come home and beat the children, and even the dog would run, and I used to have to send the dog away so he would not kill it. He went on like that for a number of years, and I had to struggle and fight my way through. My husband would not go to church. At last alone came the Salvation Army; it brought with it sunshine and love to my home. My oldest daughter went to see them and God saved her. She then got her father to go and see what the Army was like. God's Spirit took hold of him, and he quit the drink and tobacco, and has been a soldier now for over fifteen years. Apart from the little trials and difficulties of this life, which will only work out for me a more glorious entrance into the Kingdom, our home is a little heaven, compared to the time when drink and the devil used to run things. My only



Mother Potts, Collingwood.

desire is to see my dear friends and family all brought to see Jesus in His beauty. My daughter is saved, although in a foreign country. I am a soldier, and have been for over fifteen years, in Collingwood. My duty here is to look after the Grace-Before-Meal Boxes.—Mother Potts, W. C. R. C.

ST. CATHARINES.—Souls! Hallelujah! A couple of weeks ago the Local Officers met together. We came to the conclusion that things should improve, and one of them was the open-air. Capt. Williams has formed two brigades for the open-air meetings. No. 1—Mr. Williams, assisted by our noble Secretary, Bunting and half of the corps, and No. 2 P. S. Mc. Rea, assisted by J. S. Seng, Tumlinson and the other half of the corps. Thursday night No. 1 was on hand. In the prayer meeting out walked two bucksliders (volunteers). Got them through and two other prodigals came, Hallelujah! In the afternoon War Cry Brigade met and came to the conclusion that we should raise our order 15 copies, which will make us 215 War Crys. Thank you, Ed.—The boomers are interested in our papers, and said how God had blessed them while selling War Crys. The Brigade is in a better standing than it has ever been. We are all determined to do our part.—J. B. Beall, R. C.



From Pearson Corps to a Heavenly Mansion.

It is with deepest sorrow that we announce the death of our beloved comrade, Bro. Carlton Hunter, who was so suddenly taken from our midst. While yet we mourn our loss, we rejoice in knowing that his peace was made with God. He was taken suddenly ill, Thursday, April 13th. Following Monday, at 12 o'clock p.m., his spirit took its flight to the realms of joy above. During his short illness, he suffered severe pain, but was never heard to murmur. As he was leaving his home for the hospital, Montreal, where he was to undergo an operation (which was the only chance of his recovery) his last words were to the friends he left behind, "It's all right, friends, whether I live or die, I am ready. Thank God!" To another of his comrades he said, "Fight on, Kennedy, you will be a soldier." After reaching the hospital all hope of his recovery was given up. His friends who watched by his bedside until the last heard him repeat over and over again his faith in God. Soon after this his spirit took its flight. His remains were conveyed to his home on Tuesday, April 18th. The funeral took place on Wednesday, 19th inst. He was a faithful servant of Jesus Christ during the few months of his conversion. He was an example to all. Greatest sympathy is extended to his bereaved mother and all his sorrowing friends.—Lieut. G. Ludlow.

His Sufferings Over.

A Tilt Cove Comrade Promoted.

Death has visited us again. This time it has taken away Robert Thomas, who was a sufferer for about five years. He was saved about two years ago at Little Bay, under Capt. E. Mercer. I visited him many times while he was sick, and always found him with a bright testimony. A few hours before he died he told me to tell all the people that the grave that he was going to heaven. On Friday the 10th he demised early at 9 p.m. and took his spirit away. On Feb. 19th we gave him a proper Army funeral. Around the open grave we all pledged ourselves to be faithful to God and meet our comrade in heaven. The memorial service at night was a blessed time when two souls came out and sought salvation. May God bless the bereaved ones, is the prayer of our hearts.—Ensign Cooper.

She was Ready.

Comrade Edna Bradley Gone Home.

Our beloved comrade, Edna Bell Bradley, passed to a higher life Wednesday morning, May 3rd. Our sister was con-



Edna Bradley.

verted in the Salvation Army, February, 1897, and enrolled as a soldier the following May. She was a faithful War Cry Sergeant until last autumn, when ill health prevented further work. The funeral services were held in the Borden Church. She leaves a beloved father and sister to mourn her departure.

The memorial services were held in the S. A. barracks where the comrades all testified to her faithfulness in life and the assurance of her welcome to the Christian's home.

Her body was like a tender flower, crushed by cruel disease, but her spirit was brave and strong and still lives on.—C. E. R., Lisbon, North Dakota.

For God and Souls.

WOODSTOCK commandants are not dead, but all alive, and souls are seeking their Savio—. Commenced yesterday's fight at seven p.m., and wound up at half past ten p.m., with three bucksliders at the Cross. We give God all the glory.—Lieut. Kitchen, for Ensign Gamble.

DILLON, Mont.—Since last report we have said farewell to Capt. Miller and Lieut. Noblit, and we say, "God bless you with all ill we meet again!" We have been welcomed in our midst Ensign May and Lieut. Lang. Soldiers still determined to do their best for God and souls.—Reg. Cor. T. C. Sweet.

MONTREAL II.—Saturday night Capt. Jones was welcomed to the Point. Sunday was the crowning time. Colonel Margets was with us all day and we had a blessed time. Couldn't tell you on a post card all about it, but God helped the Colonel and made him a blessing to us all. The day opens on Sunday, real good times, but my words will come to God. The Colonel can be sure of a welcome to the Point whenever he comes.—W. G. R. C.

BEAR RIVER.—Thank God, we are again able to report victory. We are receiving many rich blessings from our Father in heaven. We feel that we can say with good old David, "Our souls shall make her boast in the Lord. The humble shall hear thereof and be glad!" The number of souls seeking for a deeper work of grace, is the number we count this week. We love the Army very much here in Bear River, and we all say together, "God bless our time-honored General for starting the ball rolling." Amen!—Edward Morine.

AUBURN.—We had Ensign Burrows with us Monday and Tuesday. His visit was indeed a blessing to us all. The lantern service on Tuesday was the best yet. On Saturday afternoon our dear young brother, Eddie Fencock, passed away to be with Jesus. Although only sixteen, Eddie had proved for nearly five years God's power to save and keep. He had only been a short time in Auburn, and in that time had suffered a lot. We had all learned to love him very much. He was so patient and gave a very clear testimony that we were all greatly trusting Jesus. Eddie was elected to Petersburg for interment. On Sunday night we saw two souls seeking pardon and peace. Praise God, they found it.—M. Mahan, Capt.

TEESWATER.—Saturday afternoon Mrs. McLeod, the wife and little Lydia Purcell, started for Teeswater on our weekly visit. Arriving there we were met by War Cry Sergeant Bond, and together we proceeded to the home of Father Irwin, which was thrown open for our reception. After doing justice to the good supper we went to the Town Hall, where we were met by Bandmaster Cantlon. With organ, cornet, mandolin and two autoharpas we entered the Royal Hotel, the sitting room being placed at our disposal by the open-hearted landlord, and after a few minutes the hotel resounded with salvation music and songs which was apparently much appreciated, one gentleman offering us 20 cents for "something good." He called it. Space will not permit going into details, but suffice it to say we had large and attentive audiences and good financial returns. On Sunday night Bandmaster Cantlon related his thrilling experience which we believe will prove a great blessing. Monday morning finds us back in Wingham to push the war for God and the S. A.—T. H. McLeod, Capt.

OUR CORPS' ADVANCE

LISBON.—Welcomed to our corps, Capt. Mercer and Lieut. Kreiger, April 21. Crowds and interest increasing.—C. E. R.

MINNEOSA.—Since last report our crowds are improving, interest reviving. Crys all sold, and one soul in the fountain. To God be all the glory.—Herringslaw and Blund.

PORT ARTHUR.—We are still meeting on Sundays and interest keeping up. Open-air splendid. Since last report two souls have been saved, for which we all fire a volley.—J. C. H.

RIDGETOWNS.—Good meetings during last week. Capt. and Mrs. Huntington, from Blenheim, led the Monday night meeting. On Sunday afternoon two souls out for salvation.—Kittie Watt.

FREDERICTON.—We are having glorious times here at present. We had the joy of seeing for the week-end four souls kneeling at the Cross. On Sunday we had a grand time, and we closed with one young man at the Cross.—Cadet Smith.

BLENHEIM.—"Oh, yes, it's better on before." Sunday morning's hollow meetings opened with an increase in attendance, and was a soul-refreshing time. One soul in the afternoon. Good meetings all day, and good crowds.—Jim Groom.

WINNIPEG.—Real good week-end. Splendid open-air meetings. Soul-drivers turn out exceedingly well. Inside crowds keeping up. Good attendance at knee-drill. Best of all two souls at the Cross. Our God shall have the glory and we'll fight on.—Trifloria.

MONTRAL II.—Capt. Downey has arrived to take charge of the work here. Already we have had a blessed time. Capt. McNaney stayed with us for two days on her way home, and good crowds.—One soul sanctified Sunday morning. Praise God.—W. G. R. C.

NEW GLASGOW.—We had a visit from Ensign and Mrs. Fraser, of Springhill Mines, and eleven souls sought pardon. God is blessing our work, and we are pushing on for victory. Ensign and Mrs. Fraser enrolled 11 recruits on Sunday afternoon. On we go.—W. H. Byers, Adjt.

ST. JOHN V. is gradually coming to the front. We had a grand united meeting on Monday night in which Staff-Capt. Taylor and wife conducted the meeting. Two precious souls came to the Mercy Seat. We can report for this week's labor, four precious souls.—Cor. Wm. Marshall.

HILLSBORO, N. B.—After a severe trial of our faith God has blessed our efforts with success and we have had the joy of seeing one precious soul kneeling at the Mercy Seat.—Praise God! The deepest conviction rests upon our people, and we are believing for many more to follow.—Lieut. Melk.

HOULTON.—Ensign Ebony and Lieut. Hayes have farewellled from this corps. During their stay we have seen many sinners kneeling at the Cross for pardon. We have had good meetings all week. In the welcome meeting of Capt. and Mrs. Thompson eight raised their hands for prayer.—Emily White, Corps Cor.

NORTH SYDNEY.—Large crowd on Saturday night to welcome Capt. Hickly, who is home from Bermuda on a short furlough. Since last report four precious souls have found salvation. Splendid meeting on Sunday night at Sydney Mines, led by Ensign Crichton. Last Sunday Staff-Major and Mrs. Buffet dedicated their little daughter Gladys Joy, to God and the Army.—Sec. Mrs. Pike.

BISMARCK, N. D.—We are marching on here in spite of wet weather. There is always a large crowd standing around our open-air. Our holiness meetings are very good here every Sunday. Best of all we closed another week with one soul in the Fountain. Praise God.—Alex. Helmsworth, Reg. Cor.

SOCIAL FARM.—Two comrades farewelled Sunday night. They were old faces here. Bro. John Shaw was been working here for two years and a half, and has been helped, encouraged and assisted. He spoke words of faith in the work of the officers here. Sister Cleaver gave her last prayer and address. The two are about to unite.—Chas. C. Gooda.

LITTLE BAY.—Good times continue. The Spirit manifested all day on Sunday. In the afternoon, from 4 to 6 P.M., in the Army Hall, making a total of 16 for the Siege. Some of these have been halting between two opinions for a long time. At night a Roman Catholic stepped into the liberty of the Gospel, and still the chariot rolls, all honor to God.—F. Howell, Capt.

Big Go Anyway.

MISSOULA, Mont.—Staff-Captain Turner was to have been with us on last Friday night, but to our disappointment he did not come. He is here now, Big go anyway. Capt. Bailey dechristened Staff-Major Jackson's two little girls to God and the S. A. Since last report two backsliders have come back to the fold.—J. H. Frost, R. C.

SHEARS TOWN, N.H.—We are still on the road. God has been wonderfully helping us. The past week was one of blessing. Sunday God was with us all day. Two sons in the afternoon, five at night. One man, after 60 years of sin, came out in the first part of the meeting, and God saved his soul. We give God the glory for 12 souls, and go on to victory.—D. Moulton, Capt.

NEEPAWA, Man.—Although only here a short time we have had a beautiful time. The people here are so kind, and the soldiers are just the right sort. Our "Why, when, and where" meeting was very good. Mother Wallace told us how God had saved her while galing after the caws, away over in old Ireland. Crowds and collections away up.—Lieut. J. Busson.

FREEPORT, N. S.—We are glad to report victory. Although we were without officers for some time, still God helped us to be true. Captain Trifloria and his wife, Mrs. Trifloria, in addition to three weeks ago one backslider sought and found God. Ensign Andrews was with us from Saturday till Thursday. Good meetings all day Sunday. Three souls at night; another on Thursday.—Ralph Morrell, Reg. Cor.

LETHBRIDGE, N. W. T.—God's blessed light and power revealed itself in a wonderful way by touching the hearts of backsliders and sinners. Hallelujah! At one meeting alone six souls were to be found pouring out their souls to God. There are still more under deep conviction, and we are praying for the return of the wayward. Our officers and soldiers are looking forward to the coming of our beloved Major.—Bert Reynolds, R. C.

NEWMARKET.—Our new officers have come and we gladly bid Captains Rowe and Lieut. Weeks a happy welcome and a prosperous sojourn with us. The first week-end meetings were beautiful, good crowds, and one soul made a start for glory. Every Thursday night the Captain and Lieutenant and other soldiers are driven to Hol-

land Landing by Sgt-Major Hunter, and there the Lord visits the people by His Spirit and they are brought into His Kingdom. "The tragedy of the cross" is a very beautiful and sympathetic scene, which was given by the Captain and Lieutenant, ably assisted by the soldiers and Captains Barker and Darrach, who are at present on furlough, and are renewing old friendships in Newmarket.—Ans.

Five Different Languages.

GRAFTON, N. D.—We had some very good meetings, one sister coming back to the fold again since last report. Monday night was a sing-song service, there being no less than five different languages employed in singing the praises of God, and we are having victory for victory.—Lieut. J. H. Forsberg.

DEVIL'S LAKE, N. D.—It is quite a while since you heard from our battlefield, yet with might and main and the Divine help of God, we have been fighting the enemy, and his ranks have decreased by a few coming over on the Lord's side. Hallelujah! Had Ensigns with us. The meetings were well attended and everybody present enjoyed the lantern service. We all say, "Come again, Ensign."—Mrs. Wallace, R. C.

The Headquarters' Quartette.

WEST TORONTO JUNCTION.—We had with us on Sunday Staff-Captain Morris, Ensign Attwell and Griffiths, Capt. Morris, Easton and Lemon. The meetings were excellent, with much singing. The music and singing was grand. A good collection was given, which amounted to over \$3. At night a nice crowd came again to hear the Male Quartette, which was appreciated very much. Staff-Capt. Morris read from the Word of God and unfolded the truth, which, we believe, went home to the hearts of people.—T. B.

Got Lots of Faith.

GLACE BAY, C. B.—One soul for the week. The devil is kicking about our open-air on the corner, but we are having beautiful times there, and "we are there to stay and we are going to stop" or know the reason why. Sunday was a beautiful day to our soul. Ensign is not only holding his own, but every Sunday night we have now faces in the barracks. We aim at an average attendance of 1,000 per week. Only five short last week. Barracks seats 200. Yours to get there.—Sergt. M. J. Morris.

Honest Abe's Scribblings.

BARRIE.—Ensign Burrows, the Financial Special has been in our midst for three days. Unfortunately he took a severe cold, which clapped his joyous wings considerably. The meetings which he conducted were good spiritual blessings. Four souls sought Christ and four came forward for the blessing of a clean heart. Hallelujah! The final meeting Monday evening was a lantern service entitled, "Little Alice, from Match Girl to Captain." A splendid turnout and good collection. I might say we have gone in for expansion of territory. Who has not heard of the city of St. John? It has been added to our "Wealth of Empire than is holding the realm with a steady hand. He sells the War Cry and visits the people. Sec. Lane conducts meetings in the jail, so least sinners. Her singing is much appreciated. She plays the guitar. Adjt. Cameron is on the bridge having an eye to business. His dreams for the future are bright. Hope is a good medicine, old boy. We are having a wonderful time on the 24th of May for the children. Watch. More anon. Farewell.—Honest Abe.

Saved at a Funeral Service.

ST. JOHN III.—We are having good times and the Lord is making bare His arm. We can report victory. Three souls were saved this week and four sought sanctification. Beline asked to conduct the funeral service of a dear little baby of one of our comrades, Brigadier Pugmire and Staff-Captain Taylor came along. A lady who was in attendance gave her to God. Had a fainting spell and fainted out for me. The Lord saved her soul. Thank God for the Salvation Army; they never cease building up the Lord's Kingdom, no matter what kind of service they are called on to conduct.—Cor. Wm. Marshall.

A Long, Hard Pull.

ST. GEORGES, Ber.—Week-end meetings led by Capt. Brebant and Lieut. Young, assisted by your humble servant. Every command worked most nobly. Sunday afternoon red-hot and easy; one soul at the cross. Night meeting God came very near, and hearts were melted. The soldiers wrestled and held on; ten o'clock came and went like a dream; the meetings would have to be given up to a close; but another chance was given, and while singing a chorus for the last time, a dear woman came to the Mercy Seat. A little more faith and another one came, followed by five more precious souls, making eight for the day. To God be all the glory. We went home rejoicing and more than ever determined to fight and die.—Willie Howe, District War Cor.

Got the Barracks at Last!

CHANNEL.—This corps has been greatly in need of a barracks for a long time. Capt. Hiscock and Lieut. Clark having worked hard, have now the joy of working in the new barracks, and already six have been to the Mercy Seat. The D. O. was present for the opening. Second night a Hallelujah Wedding. When on the march, the people were poor and meager, and again, guns were fired, etc., and by the time the barracks was reached there was quite a crowd. They were very anxious to see now the S. A. tied the knot. Before going into the prayer meeting Capt. Stetland and Sister Manger stepped forward, said the "I will," when Adjt. McRae declared them to be man and wife. This closed two very special services in connection with Channel corps.—P. Y. S., for Capt. II.

SEAFORTH.—We have had a visit from our G. B. M. Agent, Ensign Collier. The service was well attended, and everybody was delighted with the



"POOR MIKE!"

story entitled, "Poor Mike." Many stories found their way to the eyes of the people while the Ensign told the tragic story and reflected the pretty colored views upon the canvas. Glad blosom the Ensign.—R. H. K.

The chain of destiny leads him who obeys, but drags him who resists it.—Madame Swetcliffe.

Realm or Republic Whch?

By STAFF-CAPT. BEDFORD.

This is not a political article in spite of its suspicious complexion. Let this frank and early denial soothe the qualms of those sensitive, but dear, souls who have already traced the crooked foot in the suggestive title chosen by one of the "common people," of whom it was said, "They heard Him gladly."

It is scarcely necessary to observe that the words, "Realm" and "Republic" represent what might be termed personal or democratic forms of government. The realm is the sphere or kingdom of the monarch. There are radical differences in methods, the administration is differently focused, and in detail as well as in principle the whole systems are definitely opposite. Like certain reptiles we have seen, the republic takes its form, color, strength and vitality from the people. It is what they are; an exact reproduction in sentiment, opinion, will, operation and law—needless to add, a corrupt proletarian means a corrupt government, and it is a question solvable by an appeal to history which is worst, a degenerated monarchy or a prostituted republic. As the purpose of this short sketch is spiritual, we had better be neutral. Any form of government not based upon the principles of truth and righteousness is bad, and contains within itself, be it realm or republic, the seeds of decay and early dissolution.

The realm, let us say then, represents the personal element—the kingdom and kingship of self. The republic here we define as the corporate out-side world as "others." This last word is historical. The recent S.A. International Report has made it so. It is one of those expressions which have already crystallized in one phrase the state, scope, and being of a. God's world and its sin-sickly, ungodly itself, watchword in the hearts and lives of all kinds of toilers in all parts of the Almighty's workshop.

Has Self a Realm?

Is it denied that self has a realm, or is one? The very doubt is a cynicism. The unconvicted person on this point must have been born in a corner, and like the chicken we read about, has not yet looked over the fence that separates the poultry yard from the world beyond. There is not a house, street, city, country or a nation anywhere that does not bear the insignia of King Self. This monarch has his ambassadors by every fireside, is represented on most councils or committees, is quite at home in the sphere of philanthropy, marches contentedly over the world, and is the author of love, and so far as we can judge, bids fair to have an interminable dynasty.

There is, of course, always the possibility of change, and two modes of achieving it, viz., compromise or destruction. The latter is an extreme measure, and has the advantage of completeness. But this is not the age for drastic measures. The policy almost everywhere is compromise; divide the spoil and the power. Let there be a nominal sovereign with the pomp and pageantry of King-self, and the absolute power of King-self. Don't distract vested interests, and in any case compromise th usurped. Even a government that has sought its own ends must perpetuate itself in some tangible form, and thus fasten its fangs in the "generations following."

It is, of course, difficult to end one form of government without a revolution—and a revolution they think is a worse evil!

"Tis better to bear the ill one knows of, Than fly to others that one knows not of."

And so Shakespeare's words—misconstrued and misapplied—afford a shelter to admit wrong, and shape excuses for a fettered world. It must be, after all, one thing or the other—the Realm or the Republic; self or others.

Agreed! Leaving for the moment the opposite analogy, the question of questions now and for ever, for one and all, is the government of YOUE—held on personal grounds for self-ends and aims and glory. Is it a government of and for OTHERS? Outwardly and inwardly,

at home and abroad, in public and in private, which is the determining factor of your life—yourself or the other fellow? It is a vital matter.

Suppose we start with the CHAFTER. Did the original Declaration define truthfully your exact policy, and its accommodation to the interests and needs of "others"? Was there any statement as to procedure or equality? With whom rested the final decision? Who was to be the arbitrator? Which pronoun did you adopt as your favorite, "I" or "You"? All these queries mean one or other—REALM or REPUBLIC—WHICH?

This subject is too vast for the short space available. This War Cry is run for others, and even this contribution must not exceed its due proportion. Still, two or three thoughts might be mentioned which strike even the most superficial thinker for instance. It is obvious that a SELFISH SAINT is an absolute absurdity. He need not fast to abstain, because he would find it almost impossible, and certainly it would be unnecessary, for nobody would believe him. Exhortations would be equally useless, because the shot would lack momentum, hit no one, and hurt never! Even the biggest rogue, sinner or hypocrite, knows the difference between the real sound and the ringing cymbal. Words without worth, and the latter would characterize such a testimony, however long or simulated.

Saint and Warlor.

Then again—whatever would people think of such a "saint" as a "warlor"? Where would the fighting come in? For one thing would be too much of a gentleman to go in for real warfare. The battle-field is not a scene of comfort, the cross-foxion of ease—leaving indulgent, fleshly appetites, associated with common "people," whose language lacks refinement, and polish, and whose manners are too homely and natural to be acceptable companionship to a nature accustomed to pretence and insincerity. The battle-field is not a mixture of food, sleep and rest, and the whole environment requires such modification of self for which he is not prepared or willing. Even the only soldier—fighting out of necessity, and for glory, has to suffer CONSTANT AND COMPLETE SUBORDINATION of taste, habit, life, comfort, and the rest to the command and convenience of "others" to the professional heavenly warrior, possessing "an eternal weight of glory," with less risk and no sacrifice of self would be such an anomaly that earth would reject the pretension, hell be amused at the farce, and God vomit out of His mouth. Beware!

And what breed of evils would accompany such a life? Within the heart constant condemnation, criticism, envy, jealousy, reproach, wilful deception, depreciation of the love and service of others, and the personal aggrandizement and exaltation of what he thinks and does and is, which are the perpetual torment, permitted or unpermitted, of a self-centred life. Whilst without, a preacher without precept! An excuse for the lukewarm, and a constant effort on the part of the saint, and those who seek to reach it! On the old Welsh coast one reads of heartless wreckers, who lured storm-tossed mariners on tempestuous nights, to rock-bound coasts and destructive currents by a false light, right over the reef, high up, seen far out at sea, attracting to its deathly embrace the most distant vessel, and ending its diabolical work by ruined hopes, blinded eyes, orphan children, weeping widows, eyes that look in vain for the home-comer, loss of property, loss of home, and death—greater than any in this world. This profession is a parody, and its very existence is a menace to the progress and faith of others. This profession is a "heap of sorrow," as the prophet hath it.

And last, what is your creed, or rather what creed is your charter, Realm or Republic, which? Find out now. Don't wait for the judgment of God to work a needed revolution! Delight yourself without a moment's delay! Down upon you know not, make an end of yourself! Be unmindful longer.

In the spirit of God, die in the council chamber of your heart, first, your independence and deliverance. Then publish it broadcast that Christ is your light, your love, your standard! Then every word, act, intention, purpose of your life, will be in harmony with your Exemplar, and as such it will exist to bless mankind, benefit others, point upwards, and help to bring about that true republic of selfless hearts which will reach its consummation in the Republic of Heaven.

MOSES' CONVERSION

The Story of a Black Disciple.

"It was on the sixth day of October, 1853, at three o'clock in the morning, in my master's cornfield, in Ole Virginny, when the Lord spoke peace to my soul. You see, I had been a mornin' for years, yet all de while more or less confidential in myself, and sittin' store by de heaps of good works and prayers and repents I'd done. But at last dese deceitful refuges began to git way, and de foundations of de great deep broke in on my soul, and for three days and nights I could neither eat nor drink, a-mourner and a-winner, for my sins. At last, night comin' on, I do third day, out in de cornfield, I says, 'Lord, you must give me de deppin' in sinner, or he'll die. I know I's wicked, and vile, and rebellious, but den, You's all merciful and forgivin'.

Dates Your Reputation, Lord!

I and I boys go for the sake of your great name to show mercy and not judgment. And so I cried and plendared bare on the ground. Den the Lord 'peared to me in de visions of de mornin', and reached out his hand to me. But he didn't reach it out flatways, as though he had any bread of life to give my hungry soul. Time hadn't come yet for dat. But he reached out his hand edgeways towards me: and if dat hand had been a sharp two-edged sword, it couldn't cut me open quikker'n it did; separating de joints and de marrow, and laying in me de corruption of my soul. I never dreamed with a heart of blackness dare come in dat heart till dat mornin'. But just den I heard a mighty noise, which made me tremble from head to foot; and I says, "Lord, what's that rumblin'?" And He says, "Lord, you's sin a-fallin' into hell." Den unfeaken' I can tell. He reached out His hand ag'in, so kinder soft and tender, and closed me up, and didn't leave a rent or a scar or a sore place in my heart, and He says to me, "Son, dy sins, whilis many, is forgotten." Den I knowed I'd been born'd again, dat old things were passed away, and all things become new.

Happified, was I?

From de sleng of de sun to de going down of de same dat day, it 'peared like I was in heaven, a-standing' on an' on glass, whilis dwelt on God in my hand, and golden slippers on my feet, singin' de song ob Masses and de Lamb. "From dat day I's been good deal surer I's born'd ag'in, dan I am dat I was born'd de first time; for I can't nowise remember my first birth, but de second I'll remember for all eternity, and never cease to praise de Lamb dat redeemed me.

"Dat's my experience. Some folks don't believe it, but I knows it, for it's what I's tasted and seen."

Sweepings.

The final report from Newfoundland on Siege results shows 1,400 souls saved, out of which number 518 were enrolled as soldiers during the Siege enrolment.

—x—

"Jerusalem the golden,

With milk and honey blest,

Beneath thy contemplation

Sink heart and voice oppressed,

I know not, oh! I know not

What joys await us there,

What radiance of glory,

What bliss beyond compare?"

—x—

The Commissioner's soldiers' meetings are exceedingly appreciated by their Toronto troops; these times are indeed, rich seasons of blessing and tangible, spiritual advance.

—x—

We never know through what Divine mysteries of compensation the Great Father of the universe may be carrying out His sublime plan, and those three words, "God is love," ought to sustain to every doubting soul the solution of all things.—D. M. Orak.

—x—

Adj't. Blackburn dropped into our office a day ago; he looks younger than ever and reports progress at Port Hope.

Thinking Tips.

The life which centres in Christ is fixed as to its centre and circumference in the deepest and broadest circles possible; He is both deeper and broader than the deepest and broadest human nature, and thus most certainly deepens and broadens every soul fixed on Him.

—x—

If Christ is the aspiration and purpose of our righteousness it is safe to feel confidence of acceptance with God.

—x—

Supposing God demanded His share of the profits arising from your use of the life He has let you; what would you have left?

—x—

Christ's union with us brought Him to the cross; our union with Him brings us to the throne. See that this union is uninterrupted.

—x—

The professed Christian that seeks amusement in the theatre, dance, cards, table, is like a foolish man who leaves a good table to seek for cold victuals. Spiritual people have no use for the devil's bait.

—x—

Giving is a grace to which some have not yet attained, and from which not a few others have fallen.

—x—

The True Test of Love.

True love is not a matter of feeling. There may be feeling in connection with true love, and again there may not be. Feeling, emotion, sensation, is a matter of temperament; it is strong in one nature, and weak in another, according to the peculiar make-up of the individual. The true love is of the character of the will, of the inner purpose of being; it sways and dominates the intentions and conduct of the individual. To be sure, the true love is of the will, it is to hold fast; it is to be ready always for the love of others; it is to submit and to fare without regard to one's present feelings. The mother who has lost a child is not necessarily the mother who loves most; she may, indeed, be less loving than one with less emotion. So with a husband and a wife. So with a patriot and his country. The true measure of love is in the purpose and conduct and action of the loving one with reference to the one loved, not in the amount of feeling or emotion about it. As with love to our fellows, so with love to our God; it is not a question of our attitude and actions day by day, living or dying.—S. S. Times.

Don't Climb Over.

"When a boy," said a prominent member of a church, "was helped much by Bishop Hamlin, who visited me in the hole where I was. Taking me into the kitchen said:

"When a boy, I used to climb over the fence into my boyhood and ask God's help. But never climb over the fence into the devil's ground, and then kneel down and ask help." Pray from God's side of the fence.

"Of that," said he, "I have thought every day of my life since."

Continuing, he remarked, "Sanford Cobb, the missionary to Persia, helped me in another way. Said he:

"Do you ever feel thankful when God blesses you?"

"Did you ever tell Him so?"

"Well, I don't know that I have." "Well, try it, my young friend; try it try it. Tell Him so; tell Him alone; tell Him so that you can hear it yourself."

"That was a new revelation. I found that I had only been glad, not grateful. I have been telling him with grateful feelings ever since, to my soul's help and comfort."

Let us not forget that there are two sides of dying—the earth side and the heaven side. The stars that go out when the morning comes do not stop shining; only some other eyes in some other land are made glad by them. M. J. Savage.

Major Turner's Farewell FROM SPOKANE.

One never knows in the S. A. what is going to happen next, and I am sure that no one expected that our Chancellors, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Turner, would receive their farewell orders. But the fatal telegram arrived one evening, and after a while the officers found themselves at a farewell tea, to say good-bye to our dear comrades.

After we had partaken of the good things provided by Eugenia Stevens, Brigadier Lowell opened the meeting by saying how much he regretted the departure of the Staff-Captain, and mentioned that the dog days of summer had been together those had been perfect harmony between them. The tea ended on Adjts. Langtry and Dodd to say a few words; and then we had a few words from the Staff-Captain, who conmended all that the Brigadier had said about the relations between them, and expressed the sorrow at leaving the west. The Brigadier then had a few more words in closing, saying that the departure of the Staff-Captain and Mrs. Turner was in the nature of a sacrifice.

On Sunday, just before we had the final farewells meeting, the Brigadier spoke a few words of appreciation of the Staff-Captain's work, and made especial mention to the prison visiting done by Mrs. Turner and concluded by wishing them God-speed. He announced the name of the new Chancellors, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Gage, and told of their years of faithful service under the flag, and predicted for them a most successful career in the west. Staff-Capt. Turner then read a few verses from the Bible and said a few words of farewell. We assembled at the depot to say good-bye to the late Chancellors. God bless them abundantly is the prayer of—Columbus.

Recognizing the Lord's Presence.

When you meet a friend on the street, and he recognizes you, you always return the how, unless you wish rudely and intentionally to repulse him. This is the secret of enjoying the Lord's presence. Recognize His presence, and He will respond. Recognize Him in your heart, and He will respond for the Lord to reveal Himself, but they themselves never recognize His presence in them. "Know ye not," says the apostle Paul, "that ye are the temples of the Holy Ghost, which is within you?" Recognize this fact. Speak to Him in your heart, and He will speak to you. Call for His dear Name; wait in silence for Him to speak from within, and sweet and quick as the echo will come the answering whisper of love, "Here am I." A. B. Simpson.

BOOK REVIEW.

Food for Lambs; or, Winning Children to Christ. By Rev. A. M. IHLIN. Author of "Holiness and Power." Published by M. W. Knapp, Re-vivalist Office, Cincinnati, O. 80 cents.

This is not a book of nauseating baby talk so disgusting to bright children and young people. The author, who, as a practical evangelist, has led thousands of children and young people to Christ, aims at children from eleven to thirteen years of age; yet so illustrating truth that children of seven or eight years understand.

The book is intended to be used by the parent or teacher at stated intervals or twice a week. There are two pieces of music for each of the seventeen chapters, and pointed questions at the close, like any text-book in the public schools.

The book teaches by thrilling illustrations just why God wants all to give their hearts to Him in early life, and explains how to come to Christ, and what a glorious life will bring the child to the Saviour.

It contains fine reproductions of the great masterpieces of sacred art. Aside from the religious uses for which the book was prayerfully designed, it is literally an artistic gem.



Mrs. Brigadier Marshall's Mother Promoted to Glory,

"Praise God, All is Well."

Dent has recently visited the home of one of our oldest soldiers, Father Keetch, and has taken his wife home. She had been a sufferer for years, and looked forward for a long time to the day when she would lay down the cross and take the crown. We shall miss her much of course, but I think her dying words should be a cheer to everyone who may read them. They were, "Praise God, all is well." The deceased was the mother of Mrs. Brigadier Marshall. We offer Father Keetch our heart-felt condolence. May God be his strength in the loss of his life's companion.—Capt. Fisher.

Mother Schram, of Brantford,

Promoted from a World of Care and Pain to a Land of Rest.

On Tuesday, April 25th, the chariot lowered and dear Mother was asked to step in and ride up to the mansion prepared for her on high. She was 73 years old. With only a glint of her old eyes of God spoke to her, and she turned to the Spirit's stirrings. Since that time she has been a bold soldier of the Cross. The Bible was the Book of books, so often you would find her poring o'er its pages. About 10 years ago, when Colonel Dowling visited this country, he was leading some special meetings and Galt, and as she listened she felt it was the old-time religion resurrected, and at once she took up the study of the Word, putting on uniform. On account of her age she could not do much, but was a true, brave spirit until the last.

Mrs. Beacraft, of the Brantford corps, was very much attached to the old lady. She lived some months in his home. He attended the funeral and took part. She died at her daughter's about six miles from Tilsonburg. There was no chance to arrange for an Army funeral, which she would have liked. The funeral was very impressive. With the singing her favorite song, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," there was scarce a dry eye in the little church. The presence of her God was felt.

Another faithful comrade has gone and another spirit has joined the everlasting song above. May God abundantly bless their loved ones who are left behind, and help them to make straight paths for the kingdom above.

Yours to enter in, T. Coombs, Adj't.

Two Gone from Yarmouth.

Now with Jesus.

Two of our comrades, Brother James and his sister, Mrs. George Allen, the son and daughter of Mrs. and Mrs. Allen, have passed away to be with Jesus. Brother Allen has for a long

time been suffering from consumption, but at the last the call came very suddenly. He left the testimony behind that it was all right—he was just waiting for the call. The funeral services were conducted by Capt. P. L. P. and between forty and fifty comrades marched from the barracks to the cemetery.

About eight days after her brother's promotion, Mrs. Allen also received the summons from the Master. When asked how it was with her soul, she answered, "I am trusting in Jesus. The Lord gives, and the Lord receives." The memorial service was held Sunday evening. It was largely attended, and five professed to find salvation.—A. E. II.

A Faithful Comrade Translated

From Stratford to the Glory Land.

"She's gone, the loved and cherished one,
Like some bright star she passed away;
Death claimed its victim as she sank
Calm as the sun's expiring ray."

Such were our feelings as we gathered round the grave and laid away the remains of our beloved comrade, Mrs. Neff. Her career as a soldier had been long enough to show her bravery and love for the cause of Christ. Her oldest son, Christopher, had been converted about four years ago, and amidst the trials that a soldier meets, both at home and outside, he stuck to his post, and was, after two years of service, gratified to see his mother and father, one brother and two sisters savagely converted to Christ, all being, for over a year, soldiers of the corps here, and the mother, on her dying bed, could thank God that all the family were won over to the service. Her death was somewhat unexpected, no one thinking that so soon she was going to be taken from us. As the spirit was slipping away, she was heard to say faintly, "Blood of Jesus," and through the efficacy of that blood her soul, made free, winged its way to the realms of the blest.

The funeral service was very impressive, a great crowd assembling at the house and the grave to pay the last respects to the comrade. Adj't. Hughes conducted the service, and many a tear fell from men and women who had come to look on; especially was this the case when Christopher stepped out at the grave and gave his testimony. Other testimonies were given at the grave, touching on the duty, and love, and inspiration of our sister. T. Hughes, Adj't.

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer; Next day the fatal precedent will plead.

Then on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.

Proclamation is the thief of time; Year after year it steals, till all are led.

And to the meres of a moment leaves The vast concerns of an eternal scene.—Young.



BRIGADIER MRS. READ

will visit

Lindsay, Sat., Sun. and Mon., June 10, 11 and 12.

Whereabouts of Financial Specials.

ADJT. WISEMAN.

Toronto, Thursday, June 1st, to Wednesday, June 7th.

ENSIGN PUGH.

Montreal, Thursday, June 1st, to Wednesday, June 7th.

ENSIGN CUMMINS.

Vancouver, Thursday, June 1st, to Wednesday, June 7th.

ENSIGN BURROWS.

Gore Bay, Friday, June 2nd, Little Current, Saturday, June 3rd, to Wednesday, June 7th.

ENSIGN COLLIER.

Drayton, Thursday, June 1st, Guelph, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, June 2nd, 3rd, 4th.

Rockwood, Monday, June 5th.

Berlin, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 6th, 7th.

ENSIGN PARKER.

Campbellton, Thursday, June 1st, Tweed, Friday, June 2nd.

Bethel, Sat., Sun., Mon., June 3rd, 4th, 5th.

Kingston, Tuesday, June 6th.

Sunbury, Wednesday, June 7th.

ENSIGN PERRY.

Regina, Thursday, Friday, June 1st, 2nd.

Moosonee, Saturday, Sunday, June 2nd, 3rd, 4th.

Medicine Hat, Monday, June 5th.

Calgary, Wednesday, June 7th.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.

Halifax, Thursday, June 1st, to Monday, June 5th.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We wish for missing persons in any part on the globe; before us, as far as possible, assist arranged and chosen persons and friends.

Addressee should enclose envelope, 10 Albert St., Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they desire to give any information about persons described for.

(First insertion.)

MR. and MRS. RACH. Belonged to the S. A. in England. Money waiting for them. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

NAY, NORTON. Age 26, very tall (over 6 feet), clean shaven, brown hair, blue eyes. Strictly temperate. Left Detroit on route to Renfrew, but never reached his destination. Conductor saw him on the platform at Smith's Falls, Mother very anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

JOSIAH P. MOORES. Last heard of two years ago, was in Rosedale, B. C. 35 years of age, height 5 ft. 10 in., grey eyes, black hair and eyebrows. Information wanted, dead or alive, by his wife. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

W. H. WHITE. In 1894 was in Stratford, Ont. Age between 25 and 30 years. Important, alive or dead.

HAMILTON, James, Thomas, Paul, Samuel, George, Nicholas, and John Robert, also any of their sisters. Were living in New Glasgow, N. S., and have not been heard from for over 30 years. Supposed to be in the U. S. A. May possibly be in Canada. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

MCADAM, JOHN. Last known address, 20 years ago, c/o. Mrs. Smith, 102 Nazareth St., Montreal, Que. Address Enquiry, Toronto.



Hustlers' Rendezvous.

The Week's Barometer Indicates "No Change."

A NOTE ON SALOON VISITATION.

Puzzle, Find the Boomer!

CAPTAIN HELLMAN STILL THE CHAMPION.

There is nothing like "booming" to cheer me to-day. I'll take fifty War Crys and hasten away. To spread the glad message of pardon and grace In every saloon to be found in the place.

The above is poetry. I could do even better if I tried harder, but I don't think I could even improve on the sentiments. If I were an artist, I would devote myself to the depiction of such a scene as is to be seen every Saturday afternoon all over this Territory, when our gallant boomers "storm the forts of darkness" and bombard the saloons with the War Cry. I venture to say that the production would call forth the admiration of all beholders. It seems to me that for real courage and daring, command me not to Kitchener of Khartoum, or Dewey or Manila Bay, but to our War Cry boomers who "beard the lion in his den."

The inevitable has again happened. Arab comes in first, closely followed by Mag, who is in turn rushed closely by Nigger. My faith rises high for a complete round-about soon. I have seen Major Turner of the Central. He wears a knowing wink. So does the worthy P. O. Brigadier Gaskin. Nigger will again be showing his heels to the field before long.

A wall from London re the weekly list thus:

"The boomers' list will be on hand tomorrow without fail. Everything upside down here-cleaning, papering, painting, etc. Very busy. God bless you.—Staff-Capt. Phillips."

I am pleased to notice the interest and anxiety manifested. All right, Staff-Captain, I hope it arrives in time. The W.O. P. leads the field, and seems to have staying powers.

(Later.—The list has arrived.)

Cinlins, Maline, a new opening, starts the ball rolling with ordering 100 Crys and 20 Young Soldiers. When Queen Elizabeth of England was dying she execrated. "When I'm dead you'll find Cainis written on my heart." If our own Cainis will only rise I'm sure it will make a lasting impression on mine.

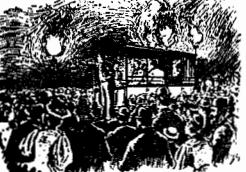


SCENE, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby and Euphemia Willoughby. Time 11:30 p.m. ADOLPHUS TO EUPHEMIA: "I wonder, dearest Euphemia, how much longer your ma will sit there reading that War Cry. I wish she would retire."

I am pleased to notice the name of Sister Mirey, of St. John, N. B., once more among the War Cry boomers. Boom away, comrade. ***

Capt. Hellman, of Brantford, still bears the palm as the Champion Hustler. Her record of 270 is still untouched. I find that other boomers have, in days gone by, sold over this number, and I am sure they can do it again. Let's have some during rises. ***

Don't think we're forgetting all about our boomers' special issues. Not a bit. We're sympathetic and unselfishly you'll find the meaning of this on page 1247 of the Standard Dictionary) getting together a choice number of illustrations, photos, and articles. It will bloom forth shortly.



How they Advertised Their Rheumatism Cure.

Puzzle: Find the War Cry Sergeant. (Note.—The War Cry Sergeant isn't there. What a burning shame!—15d.)

WEST ONTARIO.

92 Boomers.

CAPT. HELLMAN, Brantford
MRS. HUFFMAN, Woodstock
LIEUT. CARR, Windsor
LIEUT. FIFE, Clinton
LIEUT. HORWOOD, Petrolia
Easbin Ottawa, Guelph
Capt. Clark, London
Capt. Cox, Guelph
Capt. Gibson, London
Capt. Hollett, Tilsonburg
Sergt.-Major Mrs. Rock, Chatham
Capt. Sloate, Hespeler
Lient. Turrows, Kitchener
Capt. Dickson, St. Thomas
Lient. Pickle, St. Thomas
Ensign Scott, Galt
Capt. Holdmott, Stratford
Capt. Freeman, Ingersoll
Lient. Copeman, Seaford
Sister Butts, London
Sergt. D. Bond, Wingham
Sister Pickles, Leamington
Candidate Carley, Ridgeview
Lient. Ringier, Wyoming
Sister Stitt, Dresden
Sister Mrs. G. Petrolia
Sister Mrs. Goding, Stratford
Adjt. McAmmond, London
Mrs. Adjt. McAmmond, London
Capt. McCutcheon, Kitchener
S.M. Mrs. Bateman, Stratford
Capt. G. Yeomans, Chatham
Capt. Rees, Norwich
Lient. Smith, Galt
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll
Sergt. P. Brinkley, Goderich
Capt. Lovett, Forest
Lient. Stokless, Forest
Sister-Major Dearing, Hespeler
Sister L. Thompson, Sarnia
Capt. Hale, Bayfield
Sister M. Ross, Goderich
Sergt. Mand Crocker, Stratford
Mrs. Adjt. Hughes, Stratford
Capt. Mrs. Graham, Thamesville
Capt. McDonald, Drayton
Capt. Liston, Watford
Sister E. Quilek, Stratford
Sister Mrs. Stratford
Lient. Baird, Stratford
Lient. Jordison, Essex
Adjt. Connell, Brantford
Lient. Mumford, Listowel
See. Mrs. Harris, London
Sergt. Schuster, Berlin
Mrs. Ensign McHarg, Windsor
Sister Lichrook, Leamington
Capt. Mathers, Listowel
Sergt. Brandwyl, Kingsville
Sergt. F. Palmer, London
Capt. Dowell, Essex
Capt. Jones, Walkersburg
Capt. Fell, Wallacetown
Capt. Capt. Huntingdon, Blenheim
Capt. Mrs. Endign McKenzie, Berlin
Sister Roubillard, Chatham
Sister Mrs. McHarg, Windsor
Sister Laird, Essex
Sister McQuinn, Blenheim
Sergt. Ebb, Berlin
T. S. M. Mrs. Noe, Ingersoll
Lient. Hodgson, Goderich

Bro. Christnor, Dresden
Sister M. Ryckman, Norwich
Sister Schmidt, Paris
Suzie Orchard, Palmerston
Capt. Pynn, Palmerston
Lient. White, Woodstock
Capt. White, Hamilton
Sergt. Mrs. Butler, London
Sister Coppings, St. Thomas
Sister McQueen, St. Thomas
Capt. Crawford, Dresden
Capt. McIlroy, St. Thomas
Capt. Huntingdon, Blenheim
Sister Hills, Blenheim
Mrs. McAffery, Blenheim
Ensign McKenzie, Berlin
Lient. Crawford, Bayfield
Mrs. Capt. McLeod, Wingham

Bro. Christnor, Dresden
Sister M. Ryckman, Norwich
Sister Schmidt, Paris
Suzie Orchard, Palmerston
Capt. Pynn, Palmerston
Lient. White, Woodstock
Capt. White, Hamilton
Capt. White, West Toronto Jet
Capt. Case, Sulbury
Capt. Cook, Linlinton
Sister McQueen, St. Thomas
Capt. Crawford, Dresden
Capt. McIlroy, St. Thomas
Capt. Huntingdon, Blenheim
Sister Hills, Blenheim
Mrs. McAffery, Blenheim
Ensign McKenzie, Berlin
Lient. Crawford, Bayfield
Mrs. Capt. McLeod, Wingham

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

82 Hustlers.

LIEUT. BROOKETS, Ottawa
CAIT. LULAND, St. Johnsbury
CAIT. WILSON, Newport
CAIT. CREGO, Gammogue
CAIT. WILLIAMS, St. Albans
LIEUT. SYMONDS, St. Albans
JENNIE BLOSS, Penbroke
S.M. PERKINS, Barre
Capt. French, Peterboro
Lient. Allmark, Brockville
Lient. Butcher, Renfrew
Adjt. Goodwin, Ottawa
S.M. Shumans, Kingston
Capt. O'Ghior, Arnprior
Capt. O'Ghior, Arnprior
Sergt. D. R. McLean, Ottawa
Sergt. Dime, Ottawa
Lient. Williams, Kempton
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal
Ensign Stuiger, Belleville
Capt. Jones, Burlington
Lient. Woods, Napanee
Capt. McIntyre, Renfrew
Sergt. Thomson, Belleville
S.M. Downey, Kingston
Capt. Downey, Montreal II
Lient. Carter, Trenton
Capt. N. N. Campbellford
Ensign Stan. Pless
Capt. Norman, Napanee
Capt. Greene, Tweed
Sister Hodges, Pleton
Sister Phelps, Pleton
Capt. Brown, Sherbrooke
Lient. Liddell, Perth
Sister Mrs. Stone, Lakefield
Lient. Lat-Londe, Sherbrooke
Capt. Vance, Deseronto
Lient. Randell, Belleville
Sister Mrs. Parker, Port Hope
Sister Mrs. Parker, Port Hope
Capt. Mann, Barrie
Capt. Banks, Quebec
Capt. Grose, Brighton
Lient. McFarlane, Cobourg
Capt. Clegg, Montreal
Ensign Kendall, Quebec
Capt. Huxtable, Brockville
Sergt. Barber, Kingston
Lient. Kyle, Millbrook
Capt. Tuck, Millbrook
Sergt. Gillis, Woodstock, Montreal IV
Capt. Gillis, Woodstock, Montreal IV
Adjt. Blackburn, Port Hope
Sergt. Motte, Cornwall
Capt. Patten, Coaticook
Sister Smarden, Montreal I
Bro. Shaver, Montreal I
Capt. Berchell, Deseronto
Sister Ross, Montreal I
Lient. Burch, Coaticook
S.M. Phillips, Barre
Mrs. Capt. Phillips, Campbellford
Lient. Ludlow, Peterboro
Sister Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro
Capt. Mrs. P. D. D. Montreal I
Sister L. Caldwell, Montreal I
Sister Mrs. Hulbert, Montreal II
Ensign Yoree, Montreal II
Sergt. Riche, Montreal IV
Sister Mrs. G. Green, Peterboro
Capt. Stanforth, Cobourg
Lient. Hernies, Barrie
Dad Duquette, Trenton
Capt. Brindley, Campbellford
Sister Lucy, Hackney, Cornwall
S.M. Webb, Arnprior
Capt. G. G. Webb, Arnprior
Sergt. Barber, Kingsey
Bro. Coggins, Kingston
Sister N. Brown, Montreal I
Capt. Weir, Montreal I
Capt. Rutledge, Montreal I
Capt. Steele, Prescott
Lient. Hickman, Prescott

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

79 Hustlers.

SISTER PEARCE, Temple
Capt. McLean, Collingwood
Mrs. Paschall, Hamilton
Capt. Charlton, Owen Sound
Sergt. Bowbeer, Ligar St.
Capt. Williams, St. Catharines
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside
Capt. Case, Hamilton I
Bro. Dixon, Temple

EASTERN PROVINCE.

51 Hustlers.

LIEUT. Dales, Orillia
Capt. Calvert, Richmond St.
Capt. Stephens, North Bay
Lient. Chapman, North Bay
Capt. White, Brampton
Capt. White, Orillia
Capt. White, Huntsville
Capt. Case, Sulbury
Capt. Cook, Linlinton
Adjt. Wiggins, Lindsay
Capt. Harman, Richmond St.
Capt. Bond, Sudbury
Capt. Culbert, Omemee
Capt. Brant, Peterborough
Sergt. Kene, St. Catharines
Lient. Howcroft, Parry Sound
Ensign St. Catharines
Capt. McLean, Newmarket
Capt. Treleay, Richmond St.
P. S. M. Beall, St. Catharines
Capt. Howcroft, Parry Sound
Capt. Rennie, Meaford
Capt. Craig, Meaford
Capt. Bowers, Orillia
Sergt. Gilks, Yorkville
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Capt. Bowers, Orillia
Sergt. Gilks, Yorkville

CAPT. THOMPSON, Campbellton 101

Cadet Urquhart, Springhill 75

Lieut. Smith, Yarmouth 65

Cadet Ebsary, Fredericton 99

Cadet Lebas, St. John 1.

Capt. Bradbury, New Glasgow 83

F. S. M. Warren, Charlottetown 82

Capt. Smith, Fredericton 53

Adj't. Byers, New Glasgow 50

Sergt. Maybee, Charlottetown 59

Mrs. Ensign Fraser, Springfield 59

P. S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay 59

Capt. Piercy, Yarmouth 59

Sergt. Keating, Glace Bay 45

Sergt. Anderson, Somerset, Ber. 42

Sergt. Virgil, Southampton, Ber. 40

Lieut. Melkie, Hillsboro 40

Capt. Knight, Woodstock 40

Mrs. Capt. Knight, Woodstock 40

Capt. Potts, New Glasgow 39

Sister Lyons, Fredericton 34

Sister Pollock, Fredericton 34

Sister Dakin, North Head 34

Sergt. Matthews, New Glasgow 34

Sister Angell, Woodstock 34

Capt. Dufresne, Bridgewater 34

Bro. McEachern, Glace Bay 34

Sec. Pike, North Sydney 34

Capt. Clark, North Sydney 34

Sergt. Potts, New Glasgow 34

Sister Stacey, North Sydney 34

Sister Musgrave, North Sydney 34

A Good Shepherd:

OR,

What a Salvation Army Captain Should Be.

CHAPTER III.

I will now pass on to May 1st, for this is the day when all the beasts, as well as the sheep, are placed under my charge—mostly about 100 of them. These are divided into small lots, and placed in the fields with the sheep. Now these, with the sheep, number about 700, and all these sheep and beasts have to be counted and seen to before I have my breakfast in the morning, and if there is one missing, whether a beast or a sheep, or even a little lamb, it has to be found before I leave them.

From the end of March till the middle of May is the easiest time that I have through the year, as from the middle of May the sheep are subject to maggots—that is, as soon as those large flies come that blow the meat, they also blow maggots into the living sheep.

Dear Sir, you know all the flies are sent by God, and they all stink things, so that we may have pure air to breathe, and the flies find out every stinking thing and place, and what they cannot eat, they lay eggs in, and in a few hours these come to life. If it is a dead cow or horse in which they are laid, in a very little time those maggots have picked its bones.

It is much the same in a spiritual sense. God looks upon pride as stinking bairns, and when the children of the church take out an article of pride, he will soon gain the victory over them in another, and in a very short time he gets them eaten completely up, so that there are, as it were, none but dry bones left. But while the devil is at work, God's shepherds should be at work, too. I thank God the Salvation Army is doing a great deal of maggot-killing, but still there is more yet for it to do. When God's shepherds see a lot of pride or hubris in the flock, they should rebuke and expose it also in themselves—they should tell them of it in a kind, loving way, and explain the danger of it to them, and in many cases it will be given up. But if, after telling them in kind words, they will not give up those things which are a hindrance to God's work—as God will not use dirty vessels for His work—God's shepherds must speak more firmly, because those vessels which God will use, the devil will not let them do just where they will do the most damage to the flock of God. He gets some dirty bairns of professing Christians in amongst a lot of people that are convicted of sin and on the brink of falling into the loving arms of Jesus, and then, having possession of the best room in their hearts, he will act as I say a farrier to a horse one day. He wanted to perform an operation on this horse, and in order to do so it had to be thrown down, so he had a rope with several loops in it, called a halter, and with the assistance of three or four men putting the horse and taking off its attention, the farrier got those nooses loosely round its legs without its knowing what was going on; and when he had the rope all right, he took the loose end of it and gave the rope a pull, and down it went, and the men sat upon its head to keep it down. That is how the devil serves the maggoty sheep, or, in other words, those who are clinging to their idols of pride or drink, or love of ease, or anything that is wrong.

I thank God because He would not let me have any peace till I had given up all and everything to Him, and as soon as I had done so, He gave me perfect freedom, and I am happy to tell you that, notwithstanding my hard work, which is as bad as slavery, and also a considerable amount of provocation, I can say from a full heart, that Jesus is very precious to my soul, and that I am kept by His Holy Spirit from day to day.

But I must go back to my subject. As I have told you, the maggoting commences in the middle of May, and not only that, but also the vetch-folding (or the making places to put the food in for the winter). This takes a great deal

of my time, and is very hard work, and lasts through the hottest part of the summer; and I have to be at work from half-past five in the morning till half-past seven or eight o'clock at night as hard as I am able, scarcely allowing myself time to eat my meals.

Dear Sir, as the human shepherds were too much interested in the sheep of their flock as I pay to mine, the masons would soon have plenty of work building chapels and churches and Salvation Army Halls, and the people would soon be all saved, and the devil would be ashamed to show his face.

How is it that God's shepherds are not as diligent for their Master as the natural shepherds are for theirs? I am afraid that the shepherds of our world do not consider that their Master's eye is continually watching them, whereas my master is not always watching me, for sometimes I may not see him for a week at a time; but still my work is done just as well, and perhaps better than it would be if he were always with me. But the eye of the Lord is always watching our doings, whether they be good or evil.

I want to speak a few words upon vices in which our sheep are very fond of. You know in the summer nothing looks much more tempting to the sheep than a field of green vetch, when it is so close to them that there is only a hurdle between them and the nice green food, though in the fold there may be plenty cut and put into the racks for them. They are not satisfied, however, with what is given them but must reach their heads through between the rails of the hurdles to get at the vetch, which is foolish, and as very often they can get at them, however, till I call to their assistance, they are punished for their greediness, as we sometimes have to stay like this for twelve or fourteen hours.

This is just how it was with Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. Although God gave them plenty of good things they were not satisfied, but must partake of what they were forbidden to touch, and they sinned solely for their misdeeds. And it is with many Christians at the present time. After they are brought into the fold of Christ, instead of turning their back upon the edge of the fold, and pressing towards the middle, where all the best of the Heavenly food is served out, they loiter around the edge, where the devil has got all his traps ready to catch as many of God's children as ever he can. Those traps and laid as near the fold of Christ as possible to put them to tempt them within to come outside, and they have all got names to them, because there are so many different sorts, and are made in so many patterns that some Christians do not think they are trap-belonging to the devil at all, till they get into them. But as soon as they put their foot in they know it to their sorrow. I have found it best to keep as far from the edge of the fold as I can.

As I said, the devil's traps will have all got names to them. I think the next name of the longest, I think the next name of them is called Drift, and the next to that is called Pride, but I think I should have put Pride first, for perhaps it is the largest trap the devil has, and he is using it to-day with great success. I have seen many that were very promising who, through loitering round the edge of the fold, have stepped into it, and to-day they are as dead in spirit as could be found in the world.

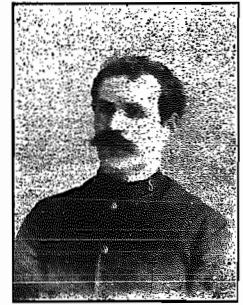
It is not only Drift Pride that does a great deal of damage. Perhaps after the meeting the devil tells some of those who speak well to think themselves above those who can only stand up and say a few words; those who can only say a few words have more of the grace of God in their hearts than the others, or, at least, than some of those who stand up and give a long flowery address.

(To be continued.)

Our Field Officers.

Captain Slater, of Ahmic Harbor.

I was born and brought up in Banting, on the north-east coast of Scotland. I was never wild, or what you would style wicked. I went to church and Sunday-School, learned the shorter catechism, and was brought up in the faith of the fathers. Naturally, I was inclined to be good. I remember when eight years old being out at sea with my grandfather and others. A great storm came up and everyone was afraid of being drowned. I took to praying, asking God to save us, and we were saved.



When I came to this country, ten years ago, I was not satisfied with my self and the way I was living. So I came, at that time, across the Salvation Army, went to their meetings and was converted. I was a soldi^r some four years, and came into the Training Home some six years ago. While I was in the Training Home, Capt. Perry as Lieutenant alone, I was baptized with the Holy Ghost, and have been going on ever since, fighting my way through—Capt. Slater.

UGLY HANDS.

The roughened hands that never shirked,
The plain brown hands that planned and worked,
Are folded now in peace and rest
Upon the wayworn, weary breast.

Over ivory keys they never strayed;
Embroidery, lace, they never made—
Poor tired hands! On one of them
Flashed never brilliant, shining gem.

They crooked, and washed, and scrubbed,
Hot, and mended,
Unto the children fondly tended;
They soothed the head that ached and beat.

And gently bathed the fevered feet.

They gladly toiled from morn till night,
That they might other hands keep

And tried so hard to roses spread
Adown the path for loved ones' tread!

They were so tender, quiet, we
Ne'er noticed how unselfishly
They clasped each cross with trust
And prayer

And burdens bore more than their share.

Aye, ugly, coarse, unlovely quite,
They look to our defective sight;
But to their mission dutiful,
In God's eyes they are beautiful.

The Warm Weather Disease Coming

BARRE, VT.—The warm weather has come and the devil will be trying all kinds of schemes to draw the people's attention from the things of God to his own foolish and destructive folly, but we are determined to make things lively for him around the quarter. We are in the south, having business to stay, let the weather be hot or cold, and let him know it. We are having good spiritual meetings. A number of friends from the outside are visiting here, so they come in and help to roll the old chariot along. One soul in the Fountain, "Going to have another enrolment soon—Zacchaeus."

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

33 Hustlers.

CADET POTTER, Winnipeg 120

ENSIGN DEAN, Calgary 108

Lieut. Anderson, Fargo 80

Lieut. McLean, Moose Jaw 80

Lieut. Anderson, Grafton 78

Lieut. Lloyd, Fort William 78

Mrs. Capt. Kaudson, Winnipeg 75

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Lieut. Clark, Laramore 53

Lieut. McConnell, Jamestown 53

Lieut. Wick, Lethbridge 53

Lieut. Asthu, Virden 46

Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg 45

Ensign Taylor, Brandon 43

Capt. McLeal, Moose Jaw 43

Lieut. Chapman, Brandon 43

Frank Ross, Regina 43

Capt. Smith, Devil's Lake 39

Capt. Pearce, Edmonton 39

Capt. Campbell, Grafton 34

Lieut. Bland, Minnedosa 34

Ensign Hayes, Devil's Lake 34

Sergt. F. Chapman, Winnipeg 34

Capt. Myers, Minot 34

Capt. Cook, Fargo 27

Capt. Mercer, Lisbon 27

Mrs. W. Taylor, Selkirk 27

Sergt. Penfold, Winnipeg 25

Capt. Jarvel, Laramore 23

Capt. Cromarty, Oakes 23

Lieut. N. Anderson, Oakes 23

Capt. Myers, Minot 20

A Victorian Souvenir.

VICTORIA.—Adj't. and Mrs. Barr have farewelled from the Shelter. We are very sorry indeed to part with them, as they have been most useful help in the coming winter. We would have liked very much indeed to have kept them here. We can only pray that God will indeed bless them wherever they go. Their little Cadet will be a souvenir of Victoria.

IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING?

PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?

JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?

PROPERTY DEEDS?

MORTGAGES?

INSURANCES, OR LEGACIES?

SEE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR?

CREDITORS, OR

MORTGAGERS?

IF SO, the Commissioners is willing to place at your disposal the knowledge and experience of a competent officer.

Address your letter, a (marked "Confidential"), to Major A. Smeaton, S. A. (Minto), Albert St., Toronto & a small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.

Salvation Songs

卷之三

1. South Africa and the region
The African National Congress
is a political and national movement
in South Africa.
They want the country to be
a democratic republic.
They are the opposition party in the country.
They have strong opinions.

8 *Environ. Toxicol.*

Dear General George C. Marshall,
Washington, D. C., January 12, 1945.

2. What other processes through time
occur?
3. What other ways could we find
to estimate past climate and therefore
what the past was like?

W. H. H. 1870

See much in the Bay Islands.
British Honduras more or less
island country than mainland
but all the islands are
small.

A Flaming Star.

4. *Glory to the Bleeding Lamb*
(B.B. 96.) Stand up, ye sons of men,
Worship, & sing. Who is the Lamb?
(B.B. 97.) Who's the Lamb?
(B.B. 98.) Will you go to B.B. 99.

Chorus.
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Bleeding
Lamb!
I hear the sound of Jacob's Shrine,
It calls my spirit all in a tremor,
Oh, for the Bleeding Lamb.

He bare my sin, and carried, and担当,
Glory to the Bleeding Lamb!
And I am saved through Jesus' Name,
Glory to the Bleeding Lamb!

Down at His Feet.

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A page of musical notation for orchestra, featuring six staves of music with various instruments and dynamics. The notation includes measures with sixteenth-note patterns, eighth-note chords, and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (fortissimo). The page is numbered '11' in the top left corner.

2000 mg/100 ml.
2000 mg/100 ml.

Many journals
are available.
The range and the size of these
books are considerable.
Books in the English
language are also being very large.

After which the members of this association
elected Mr. the Standard Bearer.
It is now open to any person
elected Mr. the Standard Bearer.

And this my motherland where death
Listed to the Shanty Towns;
That Africa, where death free me
Listed to the Shanty Towns;

... of ϕ_1 , ϕ_2 , ϕ_3

Digitized by srujanika@gmail.com

4 Oh, how happy are they who the
Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures
above;

*comfort and peace
Of a soul filled with Jesus' love,
Charan.*
We'll all shout, "Hallelujah!"
As we march along the way,
And we'll sing Redemptive love
With the singing hosts above,

States just left with

My Solana Chase

Tunis.—Nay, but I yield (B.J. 20, 3);
am coming, Lord (B.J. 55, 3); Near
er my home (B.J. 63, 3).

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the Salvation Army, printed and
published by John M. C. Horn, S. A.
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